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AND

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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Legends of the Lakes; or, Sayings and Doings at Killarney. Collected chiefly from the MSS. of R. Adolphus Lynch, Esq. of the King's German Legion. By T. Crofton Croker. 2 vols. 12mo. London, 1829. J. Ebers and Co.

"TAKING it for granted (says the author at page 1, vol. i.), that when people go to see the Lakes of Killarney, they do not intend making a very serious business of the excursion;" I, he might have added, have given them here the means of enjoying as pleasant a trip as graphic description, legendary lore, anecdote, delineations of character, lively sketches of manners, and truth and whim most happily intermixed, can readily contribute to produce. These volumes are, indeed, quite novel and original in their genus: they are as admirable guides to all the natural beauties of Killarney as if they were expressly written to be carried in the tourist's hands, to point out the picturesque views, the finest scenery, and the most remarkable spots; but they are, at the same time, so entertaining as literary companions, that the reader may sit by his own fire-side and reap almost as much amusement and information from them as if he were rowing upon the lovely waters of the lake, climbing its grotesque and legend-crowned rocks, chatting with its humorous natives, broiling its delicious salmon on arbutus skewers, or (bliss supreme!) munching its inimitably cooked potatoes. Thus, for the closet or for the country, for the arm-chair or for the adventure, our popular author is equally calculated to be a favourite, with his genuine Legends and characteristic Sayings and Doings. But, for our means of shewing this to the public, we confess that we are rather puzzled. Except the stories of "the old times," the narrative and the topics are so various, that it is hardly possible to exhibit specimens of their miscellaneous attractions; and we can only say, generally, that, according to our taste, the book is one, which being taken up, it is not very easy to lay down again. It has made us perfectly acquainted with Killarney and with its people; so that if ever we indulge ourselves with a recreative visit to that charming scene, we shall feel as intimate with Mr. Gorham (the keeper of the hotel where Mr. Croker abode), with the piper, the boatmen, the guides, the gentry around, and the very beggars, as if we had been domiciliated there for a season. Let us, however, before we go to quotations, consult the prefixed map realising the localities, by three inches of engraving, from Aghadeo church to the Devil's Punch-Bowl; and then let us have a laugh at the wood-cuts, so replete with Irish drollery; and the snatches of music, so national, that some of the airs say, "put on the pratties," as plainly as tongue could speak. Having done this, we select a bit of the first excursion to the lower lake, as a fair example of the rest.

"What house is that?" said I to the cox-

swain as we left the quay of Ross, and swept rapidly across the water. 'Is it that perched upon the rock, and peeping out of the trees? that's the boatkeeper's house, sir, and there's the boathouse just under it, you see, by the water's side, as handy as can be.' Shortly after passing which, the boatmen paused upon their oars; the barge floated calmly in the shadow of a fantastic rock, and Spillane suddenly awakened the echo of the castle, whose ancient walls returned distinctly the wild notes of his bugle. Scarcely had Spillane concluded, when Thady Begly, a mahogany-faced, broad-shouldered boatman, started up with—'Will I give your honour Paddy Blake's echo?' and without waiting a reply, put his hand to his mouth, and hallooed—'How are you, Paddy Blake? Very well, I thank you.—Echo. Well, I thank you.—We've on board a good gentleman.—Echo. Good gentleman.—And sure he has plenty of Tommy Walker for the boatmen.—Echo. Tommy Walker for the boatmen.—There, now, why, do you hear what Paddy Blake says?' said Begly, as he resumed his seat. The hint was not to be misunderstood—'Oh, certainly, Mister Plunket, by all means give the men a glass of whiskey.' While 'their allowance,' as they called it, was serving out, I took Wright's Guide-book from my pocket, and read the following account of the sounds which I had just heard: 'The first echo is returned from the castle, the second from the ruined church of Aghadeo, the third from Mangerton, and afterwards innumerable reverberations are distinguished, which appear like the faded brilliancy of an extremely multiplied reflection, lost by distance and repetition.' 'That's a fine-sounding sentence,' said I; and read on till I came to 'the obstruction of the sound by hills at different distances, situated as it were in the peripheries of a series of concentric circles, is consequently adapted to the creation of numerous reflections.' 'That is quite satisfactory,' said I, and I closed the book. Inspired by the whiskey, the men stretched stoutly to their oars, and we shot gaily by the shore of Ross, where sometimes little marshy meadows opened to the view, surrounded by wood and rock, which frequently approached the water's edge, and often overhung it: while, on the other side, we had a large bog, Reen Cottage, and Cherry Island, backed by part of 'the Demesne,' Bellevue Hill, and Prospect Hill. 'There's O'Donoghue's pigeon-house, sir,' said Plunket, pointing to a large mass of insulated rock close to the shore of Ross. 'And there,' said Doolan, pointing to a number of large book-shaped stones, which lay scattered along the shore, 'and there's O'Donoghue's library.' 'Indeed, Doolan! he must have had a hard study of it, then. But where's the story about O'Donoghue's enchantment?' 'Sure enough, your honour, I'll tell you the whole story just as it happened. You must know, then, that O'Donoghue was mighty rich, and powerful he was, and kept a brave house in

his day, in the *ould* castle of Ross that's yonder there; and, moreover and above, 'tis said he was the wisest man of his time, and could do wonders by the power of the black art. With all his art, however, he couldn't help growing *ould*; so, not liking to die, he thought he'd try if he couldn't make himself young again. Up he goes to the top of his castle, and shuts himself in a room, with his black book, for as good as seven weeks. Nobody knew what he was doing all that time, or how he lived, till, at the end of the seven weeks, he called for his wife. Well, sir, up she went to him, and then he *tauld* her what he was about—how he had a mind to grow young again, that there was but one way of doing it, and that he wanted her help. 'Do you see that tub?' says he; 'well, you must cut me to pieces, and put me into it, lock the door, and in seven weeks time you'll find me alive and well, but no bigger than a three-years *ould* child.' 'I will,' says she. 'Oh, but I must have a trial of you first,' says he, 'for if you was to get frightened, it would be all over with me.' So with that he takes his black book. 'Now,' says he, 'I'm going to read, and if you cry out at any thing you see, I'll be taken away from you for ever.' Well, sir, while he was reading, the *frightful* things in the world made their appearance, and there was a noise as if the whole castle was going to pieces. The lady, however, stood it out manfully for a long time, till she saw her own child lying dead on the table before her; then she was frightened in earnest, and gave a great shriek; upon which the castle shook like a leaf, and O'Donoghue, leaping out of the *windy*, disappeared in the waves of Loch Lane. His horse, his table, his library, were all taken away at the same time, and may be seen at different parts of the lake, turned into stone. That's the way O'Donoghue was enchanted; and 'tis said that he now lives in a brave palace at the bottom of the lake.' By this time our boat was smoothly gliding under a large insular rock, which rises to a considerable height above the surrounding water, and which Plunket called my attention to, as O'Donoghue's prison."

Pass we on to the island of Innisfallen, where grows a tree called "the eye of the needle," from a hole caused by its rising with a double trunk and uniting above, so that persons may thread the opening. This tree, of course, has marvellous properties; and when the visitor asks "the use of squeezing through it?" Plunket replies—"The use, sir? why, it will ensure your honour a long life, they say; and if your honour only was a lady in a certain way, there would be no fear of you after threading the needle."

It is, perhaps, worth while to recall to recollection that there is an ancient and simple childish play, in which "the eye of the needle" is formed by two individuals with their hands raised and joined, and the thread is a string of other youngsters holding each other by the tails of coat or frock, and running swiftly

through this human jugum. The game is to catch the hindmost; and some formalities lead to an election of sides, and a grand draw at last, which terminates the whole with a romp and scramble. Has this any relation to the tradition and superstition of the tree of Innisfallen? We know not; nor are we versed in the history of this sport; but we leave it to the Antiquarian Society, and come to one of Mr. Croker's Legends.

"There was once (a long time ago) a poor man, whose name was Donagha Dee, and he lived in a small cabin, not far from a forest, in the heart of the county Kerry. Ireland at that time was not so bare as it is now, but was covered with great forests; inasmuch that it is said a squirrel might have travelled from Dingle de Couch to the city of Cork without once touching the ground. Now, you must know, that Donagha was a very poor man, and had a scolding wife; so that, between his wife and his poverty, he could scarcely ever get a moment's peace. A man might, perhaps, put up with a cross word now and then from a woman if she was pretty, or had any other good about her; but, unluckily, Donagha's wife had nothing at all to recommend her; for, besides being cross, she was as old and as ugly as the black gentleman himself; so you may well suppose they had but a dog-and-cattish sort of life. One morning, in the beautiful month of May, Donagha was quietly smoking his *dooden* (pipe) in the chimney-corner, when his wife, coming in from the well with a can of water, opened upon him all at once, as if there were a thousand beagles in her throat. 'You lazy good-for-nothing stocagh,' said she, 'have you nothing else to do this blessed morning but to sit poking over the ashes with your *dooden* stuck in your jaw? wouldn't it be fitter for you to be gathering a *brosha* (fire-wood), than to be sitting there as if you were fastened to the *ieshtheen* (low seat) with a twelpenny nail?' All this she said and much more, to which Donagha made no reply, but quietly took his billhook and gad, and away with him to the forest. I don't know what made him so quiet with her—may be he wasn't in fighting humour, and may be he thought it best to get out of her way, for they say a good *retrate* is better than a bad fight any day. A beautiful fine day it was, sure enough; the sun was dancing through the trees, and the little birds were singing like so many pipers at a *paterna*; so that it was like a new life to Donagha, who, feeling the cockles of his heart rise within him, took up his billhook and began to work as contented as if he had nothing at home to fret him. But he wasn't long at work, when he was amazed at the sound of a voice that seemed to come out of the middle of the wood; and though it was the sweetest voice he had ever heard, he couldn't help being frightened at it too a little, for there was something in it that wasn't like the voice of man, woman, or child. 'Donagha! Donagha!' said the voice; but Donagha didn't much like to answer. 'Donagha!' said the voice again; so when Donagha heard it again, he thought may be it would be better for him to speak. 'Here I am,' says he; and then the voice answered back again—'Donagha, don't be frightened,' said the voice, 'for sure I'm only St. Brandon, that's sent to tell you, because you're a good *Christin* and minds your duty, you shall have two wishes granted to you; so take care what you wish for, Donagha.' 'Och, success to you for one saint any how,' said Donagha, as he began to work again, thinking all the time what in the

wide world he had best wish for. Would he take riches for his first wish? then what should he take for the second? a good wife—or wouldn't it be better not to have any wife at all? Well, he thought for a long time, without being able to make up his mind what to wish for. Night was coming on, and so Donagha gathering a great bundle of fire-wood up, he tied it well with his gad, and heaving it upon his shoulder, away home with him. Donagha was fairly spent with the work of the day, so that it was no wonder he should find the load on his shoulder rather too much for him; and, stumbling with weariness, he was obliged at length to throw it down: sitting upon his bundle, poor Donagha was in great botheration; the night was closing in fast, and he knew what kind of a welcome he'd have before him if he either staid out too late, or returned without a full load of firing. 'Would to heaven,' says he in his distress, and forgetting the power of his wish, 'would to heaven this *brosha* could carry me instead of my being obliged to carry it.' Immediately the *brosha* began to move on with him, and, seated on the top of it, poor Donagha cut a mighty odd figure surely; for until he reached his own door he never stopped roaring out a thousand murders, he was so vexed with himself at having thrown away one of his wishes so foolishly. His wife Vauria (Mary) was standing at the door looking out for him, ready to give him a good *saletting*; but she was fairly struck dumb at seeing Donagha so queerly mounted, and at hearing him crying out in such a manner. When she came a little to herself, she asked Donagha a thousand questions about how he came to be riding upon a *brosha*; and poor Donagha, being so questioned, could not help telling her the whole story just as it happened. It was then that she was mad angry in earnest with him, to think that he would throw away his luck. Donagha, worn out and perplexed, was not able to bear it, and at length cried out, as loud as he could, 'I wish to heaven, I wish to heaven, you old scold, that's the plague of my life, I wish to heaven that Ireland was between us.' No sooner said than done, for he was whipped up by a whirlwind and dropped at the north-eastern side of Ireland, where Donagha now stands. And Vauria, house and all, was carried off at the same time to its most south-western spot, beyond Dingle, and not far from the great Atlantic ocean. The place, to this day, is known by the name of Tig na Vauria, or Mary's house; and when people would speak of places wide asunder, it has become a sort of proverb to say, 'as far as Tig na Vauria from Donagha-dee.' And that's the reason, sir."

To vary these extracts, we beg to copy here a spirited account of a dream, in which the author, his mind impressed with the visions of the day, indulges on retiring to rest.

"Waiter (says he) a chamber candle; I am a bachelor, therefore am allowed to dream. O'Donoghue mounted on his milk-white steed, with all his train, are hunting on the waters. Fuan Mac Cool, again, is turning all the mountain streams into whisky-punch, for the refreshment of the hunters. Bran, from twenty fathoms deep, bays upon the wooded side of Glena, or rushes through the Valley of Cliffs. How the lake sparkles! a thousand boats dance upon its fairy billows, their streamers flutter in the breeze, their white sails glance to the sun, like the snowy wing of some beautiful bright sea-bird. Ha! that barge is overturned—the crew are struggling with the waves—I hear their cry—they sink—one is clinging to

an oar—it is a female—she floats—she reaches the shore of Innisfallen—she is—she is my own, my earliest love!—Ah, she stirs not—she is dead—no—no, she breathes—she revives—look up, my love—my own sweet love, look up. Oh, happiness unspeakable! We wander through the island, in the gentle moonlight, the trees wave above our heads with a light murmur—the calm lake glitters to the broad moon through the leafy screen, and delicious music, dimly heard, floats around. She, the first love of my young heart, leans on my arm, and looks in my face with unutterable tenderness. She speaks: but, oh, what means that crash? Hark! thunder! storm! whirlwind! he comes, the prince of the lakes, O'Donoghue—he snatches her from me—he bears her away—oh, misery!—See, he has left her on a rock, amid the foam of furious billows—she stretches forth her slender arms to me for aid—I come—I come, and now I struggle with the waves. I have gained the rock; I just touch her trembling hand—ah, she is snatched from my grasp—she sinks with O'Donoghue—a thousand demons laugh in my ear with fiendish triumph. Oh, this mockery is too much to bear—the waters roar—his growl—they close over me—confusion—darkness—ah, here is light and music again—but where is my lost love—yes, I know that strain—'Yoicks—Yoicks—Tallyho!'

"Riley, really you're the boy, Riley."

"Yoicks—Yoicks—Tallyho—down, Fan, down, you slut—get along, Pompey!" Roused by such exclamations, I jumped from my bed, and poking my nightcap out of the window, found they proceeded from Gorham, who, dressed in a green hunting-frock, was mounted on his famous black horse, which (being not a little vain of his skill) he caused to curvet and prance, like the horses of Phidias on the frieze of the Parthenon. And then he rode from the door, followed by his dogs, and the shouts of a crowd of waiters, boatmen, and runners, exclaiming: "Well done, Gorham!" 'tis you're the fine horseman, any how."

There are two excellent stories of Paddy Byrne the nut-cracker, and Billy Thompson, which we regret we cannot transplant to our pleasure-ground; not being able, like Sir J. Steuart, to move such full-grown productions; and, like him, disliking to lop and disfigure them. We must, therefore, content ourselves with a smaller removal.

"Sure, every body has *hard* tell of the blessed Saint Patrick, and how he *druve* the *sarpints* and all manner of venomous things out of Ireland. How he 'bothered all the *earnins*' entirely. But for all that, there was one *ould sarpint* left, who was too cunning to be talked out of the country, and made to drown himself. Saint Patrick didn't well know how to manage this fellow, who was doing great havoc; till, at long last he bethought himself, and got a strong iron chest made with nine *boults* upon it. So one fine morning he takes a walk to where the *sarpint* used to keep; and the *sarpint*, who didn't like the saint in the least, and small blame to him for that, began to hiss and shew his teeth at him like any thing. 'Oh,' says Saint Patrick, says he, 'where's the use of making such a piece of work about a gentleman like myself coming to see you.' 'Tis a nice house I have got made for you, *agin* the winter; for I'm going to civilise the whole country, man and beast,' says he, 'and you can come and look at it whenever you please, and 'tis myself will be glad to see you.' The *sarpint* hearing such smooth words, thought that though Saint Patrick had *druve* all the

rest of the *sarpints* into the sea, he meant no harm to himself; so the *sarpint* walks fair and easy up to see him and the house he was speaking about. But when the *sarpint* saw the nine *boults* upon the chest, he thought he was *sould* (betrayed), and was for making off with himself as fast as ever he could. 'Tis a nice warm house, you see,' says Saint Patrick, 'and 'tis a good friend I am to you.' 'I thank you, kindly, Saint Patrick, for your civility,' says the *sarpint*; 'but I think it's too small it is for me—meaning it for an excuse, and away he was going. 'Too small!' says Saint Patrick, 'stop, if you please,' says he, 'you're out in that, my boy, any how—I am sure 'twill fit you completely; and, I'll tell you what,' says he, 'I'll bet you a gallon of porter,' says he, 'that if you'll only try and get in, there'll be plenty of room for you.' The *sarpint* was as thirsty as could be, with his walk; and 'twas great joy to him, the thoughts of doing Saint Patrick out of the gallon of porter; so, swelling himself up as big as he could, in he got to the chest, all but a little bit of his tail. 'There, now,' says he, 'I've won the gallon, for you see the house is too small for me, for I can't get in my tail.' When what does Saint Patrick do, but he comes behind the great heavy lid of the chest, and, putting his two hands to it, down he slaps it, with a bang like thunder. When the rogue of a *sarpint* saw the lid coming down, in went his tail, like a shot, for fear of being whipped off him, and Saint Patrick began at once to *woul't* the nine iron *boults*. 'Oh! murder!—won't you let me out, Saint Patrick?' says the *sarpint*. 'I've lost the bet fairly; and I'll pay you the gallon like a man.' 'Let you out, my darling,' says Saint Patrick, 'to be sure I will, by all manner of means; but you see I haven't time now, so you must wait till to-morrow.' And so he took the iron chest, with the *sarpint* in it, and pitches it into the lake here, where it is to this hour, for certain; and 'tis the *sarpint* struggling down at the bottom that makes the waves upon it. Many is the living man,' continued Picket, 'besides myself, has *hard* the *sarpint* crying out, from within the chest under the water—'Is it to-morrow, yet?—is it to-morrow, yet?' which, to be sure, it never can be; and that's the way Saint Patrick settled the last of the *sarpints*, sir."

As another variety, we insert a "ralse" shoemaker's bill, which dropped from the pocket of its writer.

"His Honor Mr. Trant, Esquire,
Dr. to James Barret, Shoemaker.
To clicking and soiling Miss Clara 0 2 6
To strapping and welting Miss Biddy 0 1 0
To binding and closing Miss Mary 0 1 6
£0 5 0
Paid, July 14th, 1828, JAMES BARRET."

It will readily be guessed, that while we are puzzled to afford adequate examples of the larger merits of this work, we are still more perplexed with its minor traits. In good truth we can do nothing with them, and the little jokes and *bon mots* must be left to themselves. When one fellow, lifting the glass of whisky to his mouth, exclaims, "this is very strong," and a wag remarks, "then take 'tother hand to it;" or when a stealthy spy is described as "walking on tiptoe, like a butterfly;"—such touches of humour are almost always inseparable from their context. We must therefore again resort to the characteristic Legends.

"In the good old times there existed in Ireland a race of mortals, who, under the deno-

mination of 'poor scholars,' used to travel from parish to parish, and county to county, in order to increase their stock of knowledge. These poor scholars were for the most part men of from twenty to five-and-twenty years of age; and as they were also agreeable, social fellows, who during their peregrinations had acquired a fund of anecdote, could tell a good story, and never refused to lend a helping hand in any business that was going forward, they were received with a *caed mille fauiltha** at every farmer's house throughout the country, where they were welcome to stay as long as they pleased. It happened one evening in the month of July, that one of these peripatetics, a stout, platter-faced mortal, by name Darby O'Reilly (the very same it was who invented the famous stone soup), made his appearance at the house of the widow Fleming, who dwelt not far from the old church of Kilcummin. Now, the widow Fleming, who since her husband's death had taken the entire management of a large farm upon herself, was very glad to see Darby O'Reilly for a variety of reasons. In the first place it was the hay harvest, and Darby would lend a helping hand and keep the men in good humour at their work with his merry stories; then he could teach the children great A B C of an evening; and then she was a lone woman, and Darby was a pleasant companion, and an old acquaintance moreover. Whether this last idea was of deeper root than the others is not for me to say, but certain it is that Darby received on the present occasion more than a common welcome from the widow Fleming. After having partaken of the good cheer which the widow set before him 'n the greatest profusion, and having renewed his acquaintance with the inmates of the house, even to Darby the dog that was called after him, and the cat, he proposed to step down to the parish jig-house, just to shuffle the brogue with his old sweethearts, hear the news, and see how the neighbours were getting on,—for it was near a twelve-month since he had been in that part of the country. Now, whether it was the mention of sweethearts that disagreed with the widow, or whatever else might have been the cause, it is certain that she was much against Darby's going to the jig-house; but seeing that she could not with any decency or effect gainsay his intentions, she was obliged to assent, at the same time, however, warning him to be back early, and not to keep up the house. Away he went to the jig-house, where he found himself quite at home, and as welcome as the flowers of May. Fine-Tun he had of it, for the pipes played merrily up, while he footed it bravely with the prettiest girls and best *moneen* jiggers in all the barony. To speak the truth, he wasn't a bad hand at a jig himself, for there were few could equal him in the 'heel and toe' step; and then he put such life and spirit into his motions, that he made the house ring again with his grinding and the merry snap of his fingers. But your dancing is doughty work,—at least Darby O'Reilly was of that opinion, although there was no fear of his dying for the want of a drop to drink, as he had news for the old, and stories for the young, till at last it was Darby here, and Darby there, and who but Darby? The soul of merriment, and the prince of good fellows, every one striving who should be the first to treat him, Darby soon became as comfortable as any gentleman could wish to be. But while Darby was drinking, and dancing, and making merry, he never remembered it

* "A hundred thousand welcomes."

was time to go home, or bestowed a single thought upon the widow Fleming's good advice, which was very ungrateful of him, considering the civil way she had behaved to him, and that she was even then herself sitting up waiting his return. The longest day will have an end, and the greatest merriment must at length give way to repose, as Darby found to his sorrow, when the party broke up, and he had to stagger away as well as he could. He was so much 'in the wind' that he didn't well know which way he was going; and as bad luck would have it, he went every way but the right; for instead of keeping the straight road, by way of making a short cut he turned off through the fields; and after wandering about for as good as an hour, where should he find himself but in the old fort at Clanteens. A bad place it is to get into at the dead hour of the night, when the good people are going their rounds and making merry, as Darby soon found; for though it was easy enough to get into the fort, he couldn't get out again for the life of him; it even appeared to him as if the fort had increased its dimensions to a boundless extent. He wandered up and down and round about for a long time, without ever being able to get out, and was obliged at last to content himself where he was, so down he sat on a stone. 'There's small fun sitting on a *coult* stone in the moonshine,' muttered Darby; 'and sure it's a pitiful case to be bewitched by the fairies,—the good people I mean,—and stuck fast in the middle of an *ould* fort; but there's no help for it, so what can't be cured must be endured.' No sooner had he come to this very wise conclusion, than he heard a most tremendous hammering under the very stone he was sitting on. 'O Darby,' cried he, 'what'll become of you now?' Plucking up his courage, he boldly took a peep beneath the stone, when what should he see but a clurricane sitting under a projecting ledge of what had been his seat, and hammering as hard as he could at the heel of an old shoe. Although Darby was very much afraid of the fairies, he wasn't a bit in dread of the clurricane; for they say if you catch a clurricane and keep him fast, he'll shew you where his purse is hid, and make a rich man of you. But it wasn't thinking of purses Darby was, for he'd rather be out of the fort than to get all the purses in the world. So when he saw the clurricane, it came into his head that maybe he'd lend him a helping hand, for they say the little fellow is fond of a drop himself. 'Success to you, my boy, you are a good hand at a shoe, any how,' said Darby, addressing himself to the clurricane. 'Ah! Darby, my jolly buck, is that you?' said the clurricane, getting up from his work and looking him full in the face. 'The very same, at your honour's service,' answered Darby. 'What brought you here?' said the clurricane; 'I'm thinking you've got yourself into a bit of a scrape.' 'Fakes then, your honour, I'm thinking the very same,' said Darby, 'if your honour doesn't lend me a helping hand.' So he told him how he stopped at the widow Fleming's, how he went down to the jig-house, and being a little overtaken in liquor, how he wandered through the fields until he found himself in the old fort, and wasn't able to make his way out again. 'You're in a bad case, Darby,' said the clurricane; 'for the good people will be here directly, and if they find you before them, Darby, they'll play the puck with you.' 'Oh, murder!' cried Darby, 'I throw my life upon the heel of your honour's

shoe.' 'Well,' said the cluricaune, 'you're a rollocking lad as ever tipped a can, and it's a pity any harm should ever come of taking a drop of good drink. So give me your hand, and I'll save you. And as you never did any hurt to me or mine, I'll do more than that for you, Darby. Here, take this charm, and you are made for ever, my man.' 'And what's the *nathur* of it?' said Darby, at the same time putting it into his right-hand breeches-pocket, and buttoning it up tight. 'I'll tell you that,' said the cluricaune; 'if you only pin it to the petticoat of the first woman in the land, she'll follow you the wide world over; and that's no bad thing for a poor scholar.' So saying, the cluricaune took him out of the fort, put him on the straight road, and wishing him success with the charm, burst into a fit of laughter and disappeared. 'Good riddance of you, any how,—but 'tis an ugly laugh you have with you,' said Darby, as he made the best of his way to the widow Fleming's, who was in no great humour; and no wonder, to be kept up so late by such a drunken *bletherum* as Darby. Now, when he saw the widow in a bit of a fret, 'Ho! by my *soul*,' said he, 'I've the cure in my breeches pocket.' So with that he outs with the charm, and pinned it slyly to the widow's gown. 'I've charmed her now,' says Darby, 'if there's any truth in that little chap of a cluricaune.' And certainly there was soon a wonderful change in the widow, who, from being as glum as a misty morning, became as soft as butter. So very careful was she of Darby that, late as it was, she made down a good fire, lest he should be cold after the night, brought him a supper of the best the house could afford, and had as much *cooram* about him as if he was lord of the land. Darby grinned with delight at the success of his charm; but he was soon made to grin at the wrong side of his mouth; for the widow, in the midst of her love, chanced to discover the charm that was pinned to the tail of her gown. 'What's this you've pinned to my gown, you rogue you?' said she, at the same time, flinging it into the fire. 'Botheration,' roared Paddy, 'I'm settled for now; and no wonder he should roar, for the charm took instant effect; and the fire jumped *holus bolus* after Darby, who made for the door, and away he went as fast as his legs could carry him. But if he did, the fire came after him, roaring and blazing as if there were a thousand tar-barrels in the middle of it. Away he ran for the bare life, across the country, over hedge and ditch, for as good as two miles; neither stopping nor staying till he came to a deep well on a high farm, between Tullig and Gleun a Heelah, when who should he meet but his old friend the cluricaune. 'Arrah, Darby!' said the little fellow, 'you seem to be in a wonderful hurry; where are you going so fast, man, that you wouldn't stop to *spake* to an old acquaintance?' 'Bad luck to you, you deceitful hop of my thumb,' said Darby; 'for sure it's all along of you and your charm that I'm in the neat way I am this blessed night.' 'And that's my thanks for saving you from the good people,' says the cluricaune: 'very well, Mister Darby, there's the fire at your heels, and who's to save you now?' 'O! thunder alive! sure you wouldn't be after *sarving* Darby that way.' 'Well,' said the cluricaune, 'I'll take compassion on you this once; so here's my advice, leap into the well, and you'll be safe.' 'Is it into the well you *mane*,' says Darby, 'why then do you take me for a fool entirely?' 'O! you're a very wise man to be sure, seeing you're a scholar,

Darby; so you may take your own way if you like, and welcome. Good night to you, Darby O'Reilly,' said the spiteful little fellow, slapping his cocked hat on his head, and walking off with a most malicious grin. 'Good night to you, Darby O'Reilly.' 'Murder! murder!' shouted Darby, for by this time the fire had come so near that it began to scorch him; when seeing there was no alternative, and thinking it better to be drowned than burned, he made a desperate plunge into the well. Souse he went into the well, and souse went the fire after him. Immediately the water bubbled, sparkled, growled, and rose above the verge of the well, filling with the velocity of lightning all the adjacent hollow ground, until it formed one of those little sparkling lakes which are so numerous in this hilly country. Darby was borne with the speed of a whirlwind on the top of a curling billow, and cast senseless on the shore. The first thing he saw on awaking from his trance was the sun shining over him; the first voice he heard was that of the widow Fleming, who had travelled far and near in search of him; and the first word Darby uttered, upon thoroughly recovering himself, was, 'Bad luck to the good people, for sure 'tis they that have been playing tricks upon me all the night.' Then he up and told the widow Fleming and the neighbours the whole history of his night's adventure. 'It's drunk you were, Darby, and you know it,' said the widow; 'you're a bad boy, Darby.' But whatever was the cause, whether Darby got the charm from the cluricaune or not, it is certain that the widow Fleming not long after became Mrs. O'Reilly, and that Loch Bran, or the Lake of the burning Cole, is to be seen to this day.

A picture of a modern pedagogue will contrast with Darby O'Reilly of former times.

Our attention was arrested by a busy hum, proceeding from a cabin on the road-side; and we soon discovered it to be what is commonly called a hedge-school or Kerry college. Although not a Belzoni in stature, by dint of stooping only I contrived to gain admittance among the busy inmates; and upon my entrance, the hum of the students rehearsing their lessons increased to such a marvellous degree, that I could scarcely hear, or cause to be heard, the salutation which I addressed to the dread ruler of this learned abode. Mr. Lynch followed me, although on his part it required a much more considerable exertion, in the way of depression, to gain admittance; but once within, there was ample room for the tallest man beneath the thatched roof, which rose from the low mud walls. This roof displayed, stuck between its *scrags* and *theivanes*, an ample stock of coverless Vosters, copy-books, slates, and gray goose quills, with two or three pendent racks, made of the branchy fir, for the benefit of such pupils as had either caps or hats to hang upon them. The interior of the whole cabin wore a black lackered appearance, conferred upon it by the smoke of many a winter's fire, the hearth for which stood beneath a huge vent, occupying the full breadth of one of the gables. At each side of the door was a little window about a foot square. But, on the whole, Mr. Casey's college was rather a respectable edifice of the description; for it could boast two real deal forms, and instead of turf benches there were three fir spars placed along the wall, each end supported by stones, in order to elevate the students to a comfortable sitting height. There was, moreover, a table for the use of writers and cipherers. Of all these accommodations Mr.

Casey seemed not a little proud, as he sat enthroned on a rush-bottomed chair, which he facetiously termed his 'Sanctum Sanctorum.' 'Whist there, will ye, *by's*, and let the gentlemen *spake*,' roared Mr. Casey, at the same time flourishing his rod of power, by way of enforcing his commands. 'You have a good school, Mr. Casey, and very well attended,' said Mr. Lynch. 'Why, I may say, there's worse to be found elsewhere, though 'tis I that say it, that shouldn't say it; but 'tis nothing to *spake* about now to what it is in the winter, because why the *by's* are minding the harvest and herding the cattle on the mountains; 'tis the busy time now, and their *faders* and *muders*, God help them, can't spare the *childer* from the work to the *larning*.' 'I dare say some of your scholars are pretty far advanced,' said I. 'You shall see, sir, in a minute—Come up here, you Murty Murphy, and bring your *Voshter* *wid* you; do you hear me now I'm *spaking* to you?' Up came Murty, Voster in hand, a carrotty-pated boy, dressed in a loose frieze coat, sheep-skin breeches open at the knees, and having neither shoes nor stockings, to conceal a pair of well-mottled shins, the effects of his chimney-corner cogitations. Having heard Murty, with a rich brogue, go through a sum in the Rule of Three direct, we bade farewell to Mr. Casey and his college, though strongly urged by him to remain for the *ráding*, *spilling*, and even for the *abecedarians*."

The following colloquy, &c. is attributed to a teacher of this class:—

"Here, *by's*, shake a grain of straw along the wall for the little girls to sit on—throw your turfs in the corner—and bring over my stool here close to the fire. I thought I'd *ould* you before, Felix, to bring a sod of turf every morning?—*Sit down, sir, sit down*, I say, on the floor along with the rest, and get your lesson, and don't let me see you near the fire all this blessed day. Now, *by's*, what are you after?—Silence!—*A-b-ab; b-a-g bag*—Silence!—Jem Dogherty, whip the door off the hinges and clap it on this row of sods—there now, borrow a bit of chalk from Kernahan, till I write a large-hand copy—hum buzz—ba, be, bi, bo, bu, buzz—Terry Flanagan, come over here—Arrah, why but you come, sir, when I bid you?—See here, spell me this word—*Constanti-nople*—*By's*, that's the name of the grand Turk!—See what it is to know navigation! I don't suppose there's a man in the barony, barring myself and the priest, could tell you who Constantinople is!

Upon my word you're welcome;
Pray what kept you till now, sir?
Indeed it was my father,
He sent me for the cow, sir.
I would have brought you some fresh eggs,
But the hens they were not laying.
Go long—sit down—I'll beat you well,
For I know you have been playing.

What have you been about this morning?—Where's your book?—take off your hat, you dunce, take it off—stand up in the corner—keep your fingers out of your mouth—Ah, you dog, I'll flog you first, and then cut the *soul* out of you after, so I will—how dare you mitch from school?—What kept you, I say?—Sir, it was—Silence in a moment; how dare you, sir, say a word when I'm *spaking*? Och, I'll let your father know the courses you carry on in—Sir, it was my mother bid me say she'll be much obliged to you to come over at dinner-time—Put on your hat, Paddy, you're a well-reared boy, and I'll make a man of you—Oh, your mother, Paddy, is the woman that will have luck. Tell her I'll be there as strict as if

it was a *binch* warrant—take care how you go across the river, it's very deep—O you'll be a bishop yet, Paddy; it'll be seen who taught you.

So when I'm late for school,
The excuse 'twill be my mother, sir;
And when that one won't do,
I'll try and make another, sir.
For my mother is a good man,
And so, sir, is my daddy O—
And 'twill not be my fault
If I'm not their own Paddy O.

And how did you get home yesterday, Pat dear? and how is all your very good father's family?—Come here now, and let me see how you'll read this little story.—A boy w-e-n-t went out one day to rob birds' nests, but he had not g, gone far w-h-e-n when he met a l-i-t lit, t-l-e til (that's 'little,' Paddy) met a little girl—Ay, Paddy, mind that; if he had been going to school that would not have happened him—Stick to your book, Paddy, and take care you meet no little girls—met a little girl with a jug—That's my pointer—Stand over there and let me see the fire—No, I won't—Silence there, silence, I say, or I'll be the death of ye all—buzz—buzz—hum."

But here we must conclude; yet not without stating that there is some pretty poetry, as well as droll parodies, scattered through these delightful volumes. Instead of either, we finish (naturally enough) with the last lament of the widow Crottie for her husband, "one William Crottie, who was hanged through the means of one Davy Norris, a thief of an informer, who came round him, and betrayed him. And so Mrs. Crottie, whose own name was Burke, a mighty decent woman she was, and come of decent people, made up this lamentation about her husband.

"Oh, William Crottie, your days are ended,
And your poor wife lies unbeloved;
In a cold jail, where ~~there~~ can come near her;
Her dearest friends this day won't hear her!

Oh, ullagone!

But soon I'll leave this Irish nation,
And sail away to the great plantation;
For let me go among Turks or Heathens,
I'll meet with more pity than in my own nation.

Oh, ullagone!

Oh, William Crottie, I often told you
That Davy Norris would come round you;
'Twas he that took you, as you lay sleeping,
And left me here in sorrow weeping!

Oh, ullagone!

Then came the day of sad repentance,
When William Crottie received his sentence;
The drums they did beat, and most mournfully sounded,
And my poor senses were at once confounded.

Oh, ullagone!

I bear great blame from all these women,
Yet I'll never forsake my dear companion;
When first I knew him he was no Tory,
But now he's gone there's an end to my glory!

Oh, ullagone!

Adieu, ye hills, and adieu, ye mountains,
Adieu to Glanworth's crystal fountains,
Where often I waited for Crottie, my darling,
To bring me home both gold and *starling*!

Oh, ullagone!"

The Castilian. By the Author of "Gomez Arias." 3 vols. 12mo. London, 1829. Colburn.

In our last *Gazette* we briefly adverted to the publication of this novel, and to the pleasure we had received from a hurried glance over its pages; and we have now little more to say, than that our very favourable impression has been amply confirmed by a more leisurely perusal of these volumes. Spain is a country rich in materials for works of this kind, and the author is so well imbued with a knowledge of national feelings and national manners, that he is capable of investing his stories with more of the air of truth than could be done by any foreigner. We must also express our approbation of his skill in mixing the historical with

the inventive, so as not to load the latter with the dry rubbish of the former, nor destroy the verisimilitude of the former by an overpowering charge of the latter. As pictures of the age, we could detach many spirited pieces; but probably the account of the battle which decided the fate of the Castilian monarchy will answer our purpose as well as any other selection.

"Slowly and silently the troops moved forward. The force consisted chiefly of cavalry, and the hollow tramp of the horses conveyed an ominous sound, that rung on the ears of the most timid and superstitious. The Castilian collected all the energies of his soul to meet the portentous event with becoming dignity. His melancholy features seemed to brighten in the gloom; but the sad smile, in some measure natural to him, did not wholly disappear. As he gazed on the foe before him, a fearful cloud darkened all his prospects; for, alas! he could not disguise from his heart the small chance Don Pedro had of successfully coping with that formidable array. Not only were the forces of Trastamara far superior in numbers, but they came into the field with an anticipation of success. Besides, the presence of the renowned Sir Bertrand Duguesclin and his valiant cavaliers was enough to excite a deep sensation of dismay. With far different feelings did Don Enrique and his followers advance to battle; an eagerness for the contest shone in every eye, and the chiefs could scarcely restrain their impatience. The gallant Sir Bertrand came first in view, surrounded by his principal knights, one of whom bore the banner of the arms of Bourbon;—the death of Queen Blanche being the pretext for the arrival of the French in Castile to second the plans of Don Enrique. This prince himself, mounted on a milk-white horse, attired in a dazzling armour, and wearing a profusion of ornaments, soon came in front of the army, which he addressed in an animated voice. He dwelt strongly on the crimes of Don Pedro and the sacred duty to which they were called—of crushing the tyrant and preventing any farther effusion of blood. His speech was received with enthusiasm; the *pendon de Castilia* was unfurled, and Don Pero Lopez de Ayala, its bearer, and afterwards the historian of these times, came in presence of Don Enrique, to renew his oath of keeping that sacred pledge. But the same standard was carried by the adverse party; and Don Pedro could not suppress a smile of derision as he cried to Don Diego Gonzalez, who carried it, 'By my troth, Don Diego, it appears that I am a usurper. Look, sir, to your *pendon*, for there is its brother. It is not a *legitimate* one; but what behoves that, as the time goes?' Soon after, the engagement commenced. The shock was fierce at first, but Sir Bertrand Duguesclin, with terrific power, carried destruction wherever he passed. He seemed to make sure of victory, and continually animated his knights, calling to them, in their native tongue, to add to the valorous feats for which they were so noted; but they needed no stimulus. Their terrible blows flew about with fearful rapidity, and they soon began to put the Moors, who composed the right wing, together with the gallant body of cavaliers commanded by Men Rodriguez de Sanabria, into disorder. The centre of the army, led on by Don Pedro in person, sustained the attack with greater firmness and intrepidity; but their courage soon flagged, and they began to waver. In vain the king, partly by promises partly by threats, strove to rally the sinking spirits of his men; gradually they gave way and betook themselves

to flight. In this despairing position, Don Pedro, frenzied with rage, searched around with eagle eye for his rival. He perceived the battle lost—lost beyond all remedy; and the only satisfaction to which he clung in this bitter moment, was the hope of closing in fearful strife with his hated foe. But in the confusion which every where prevailed, it was not easy to accomplish his design. He spent his rage, therefore, in fruitless exclamations, whilst the few stout Castilians who still adhered to him, gallantly, though ineffectually, endeavoured to stem the overwhelming torrent that rushed upon them."

The character of the heroine, Costanza, is altogether beautifully drawn, and abounds in touches of great skill and feeling: we are sorry that none of these can be transferred to our critique, so as to afford any idea of the feminine excellence of the original; and that we are also precluded, by its length and continuance of narrative, from giving an example of the fine and interesting style in which the *Castilian* opens. Our Black Prince is introduced; and as every scene in which that gallant warrior engaged is sure to be attractive to English readers, we shall conclude with a description in which he figures prominently.

"The Black Prince had just pledged the last toast to the honour of England, and was about to rise from the convivial board, when Sir Robert Knolles detained him by demanding, 'How long, please your highness, will this our idle mood continue? default of practice, the valour of a soldier is apt to become as rusty as his weapon.' 'Be of good cheer, Sir Robert,' returned the prince; 'we cannot alter the course of things; but the adventurous knight may always find occasion to shew his gallantry and prowess in foreign fields, if he be so gallantly minded.' 'Ay, by St. George,' replied Sir Robert; 'and I sorely repent me for not following the example of Sir Hugh Calverley, and the free companions who have achieved such deeds, and acquired such rich booty in Spain.' 'Shame! Sir Robert,' cried the noble Sir John Chandos, reddening up; 'when was it thought seemly to hear an English knight deplore and repine at the loss of booty? Beshrew my heart! if among the fine deeds of Sir Hugh Calverley, his expedition into Castile shall call down the meed of praise.' 'Ay!' said Sir William Felton; 'the more so, when we consider he is engaged in the cause of a usurper, to dethrone his liege and lawful king.' 'Right, Sir William,' observed the Black Prince, with approving looks; 'besides, is there not something in bad keeping, thus to become the allies of our natural foes? I marvel me how Sir Hugh can agree with Sir Bertrand Duguesclin. Eh! sirs, those free companions, as they term themselves, ought in mere justice to take another title; for that of freebooters, methinks, would better become them.' 'Gramercy, Sir Prince!' cried Sir Robert, with a sardonic smile; 'if the compliment is levelled at my poor deserts.' 'Sir Knight,' replied the Black Prince, 'although Sir Robert Knolles should feel offended at a just observation, yet never shall Edward of Wales forbear censure where he thinks it merited. What, sirs! have we not every day new complaints of depredations and injustice against the companions?—and who, by St. George, is to redress these wrongs?—or are we to shut our eyes and ears to the cries of justice, to suit the good pleasure of these marauders!' At this moment, an attendant came to announce that a Spanish cavalier had a communication of a private nature to impart

to the prince; upon this, the knights withdrew, and the prince commanded the messenger into his presence. Without any ceremony, the stranger was ushered in. He was a man of very prepossessing and lofty demeanour, though clad in an uncouth and lowly guise. With an expression of humility, blended with noble pride, he made a profound obeisance to the prince, and, presenting a roll of papers, said, 'Most noble prince! I come from my lord and master, Don Pedro, the king of Castile, now a fugitive from his dominions, to seek, in his behalf, the protection of the noble and valiant knights of England. From these papers you will learn more fully the purport of my mission.' The prince received Ferran de Castro, for such was the stranger, most graciously; and taking the offered papers, he glanced over their contents with visible interest; then turning to De Castro—'You are welcome to us,' he said, 'from our cousin of Castile. Hard times these, Sir Spaniard! From this document I see that Don Pedro has been roughly used. What means of assistance can he count upon?' 'None, sir, none,' replied Ferran, mournfully, 'but the generous sympathy of true knights, who will boldly assert the cause of loyalty and justice against wicked usurpation. An unnatural brother, conjoined with a faction of nobles and clergy, supported by foreign allies, have hurled their sovereign from the throne. He is now compelled to fly from his kingdom, deserted by all his liege subjects and sworn vassals; half a dozen cavaliers, myself included, constitute his whole retinue.' 'Sir Ferran, your fidelity looks well,' replied the prince. 'I grieve that the Castilians should have forgotten a virtue, for which they have always been so much vaunted. However, we will consider the grievances of our cousin, and devise means to assist him in his trouble. Duguesclin is, in good sooth, a puissant and a formidable knight—the power of Traстамara is acknowledged in Castile; yet, with the help of God and my good sword, we shall speedily see whether rebellion and usurpation shall triumph in your land.' 'Noble sir!' cried Ferran, joyfully, 'may Heaven reward your generous disposition!' 'Sir Castilian,' replied the prince, 'to protect the wronged and chastise the oppressor, is a duty imposed on a true knight; and such would I willingly profess myself to be. Moreover, I think it a sacred cause, and all that I can do shall be done forthwith in favour of Don Pedro. Yet, first, I must consult the lords of my father's court, for it is only with their aid and approbation that I can hope for success: you will stay our guest, and in brief space an answer will be given,' which is in the affirmative.

In bidding farewell to this publication, we ought in candour to say that it is of a character to which it is impossible for a review of moderate length to do justice: we have only been able to illustrate parts; but the whole must be read to be duly appreciated.

Days Departed; or, Banwell Hill: a Lay of the Severn Sea. By the Rev. William Lisle Bowles. 8vo. pp. 120. London, Murray; Bath, Crustwell.

If sweet poetry, not unmixed with some matter with which, in our opinion, such poetry ought to have little relation, can prove that the early genius of Mr. Bowles is still a living flame, we have only to refer to this volume for the fact. The senility of the author is an assumption, if we look at the freshness of his muse—a curious admixture (to us, of a later date) of

feelings in which we do not participate, yet which we must acknowledge to have a powerful interest on the present time. But we will rather take Mr. Bowles in his universally amiable character of poet, than in his strong garb of theologian. His first temptation is that of the describer of the antediluvian cave (Banwell) from which his poem takes its name.

"Spirit of other times, thou speakest not!
Yet who could gaze a moment on that wreck
Of desolation, but must pause to think
Of the mutations of the globe;—of time,
Hurrying to onward spoli—of his own life,
Swift passing, as the summer light, away!—
Of him who spoke, and the dread storm went forth.
The surge came, and the surge went back, and there—
There—when the black abyss had ceased to roar,
And waters, shrinking from the rocks and hills,
Slept in the solitary sunshine—there
The bones that strew the lowest cavern lay:
And when forgotten centuries had pass'd,
And the gray smoke went up from villages,
And cities with their towers and temples shone,
And kingdoms rose and perish'd—there they lay!"

On recovering from such a subject, it is natural to look for a long retrospective glance—and the poet gives it.

"Soldier of Rome,
Art thou come hither to this land remote,
Hid in the ocean-waste? Thy chariot wheels
Rang on that road below!—Cohorts, and turns,
With their centurions, in long file appear,
Their golden eagles glittering to the sun,
O'er the last line of spears; and standard-flags
Wave, and the trumpets sounding to 'advance,'
And shields, and helms, and crests, and chariots, mark
The glorious march of Cæsar's soldiery
Firing the gray horizon!—They are pass'd!
And like a gleam of glory, perishing,
Leave but a name behind!—So passes man,
An armed spectre o'er a field of blood,
And vanishes!—and other armed shades
Pass by, red battle hurdling as they pass.
The Saxon kings have strewn their palaces
From Thames to Tyne. But, lo! the sceptre shakes!
The Dane, remorseless as the hurricane
That sweeps his native cliffs, harries the land!
What terror strode before his track of blood!
What hamlets mourn'd his desolatory march,
When on the circling hills along the sea
The beacon-flame shone nightly! He has pass'd!
Now flows the Norman victor on his throne,
And every cottage shrouds its lonely fire
As the sad curfew sounds. Yet Piety
With new-inspiring energies awoke,
And ampler polity: in woody vales,
In unfrequented wilds and forest-glens,
The low'n of the sequester'd abbey shone,
As when the pinnacles of Glaston lane
First met the morning light. The parish church
Then, too, exulting o'er the ruder cross,
Up-sprung, till soon the distant village peal
Flung out its music, where the tap'ring spire
Adds a new picture to the sheltered vale;
And Uphill rock, where sits the lonely church,
Above the sands, seems, like the chronicler
Of other times, there left to tell the tale!"

This is a pleasing expression of feelings in which every one must participate: our next example is a charming one of the calm sea.

"Thou hast put on thy mildest look to-day,
Thou mighty element! Solemn, and still,
And motionless, and touch'd with softer light,
And without noise, lies all thy long expanse.
Thou seemest now as calm, as if a child
Might daily with thy playfulness, and stand—
The weak winds lifting gently its light hair—
Upon thy margin, watching one by one
The long waves, breaking slow, with such a sound
As Silence, in her dreamy mood, might love,
When she more softly breath'd, fearing a breath
Might mar thy placidness!"

We do not pursue the faithless element; but, to be fairly characteristic of our author, copy his view of elder and later times.

"That village maid
Approaches timidly, yet beautiful:
A tear is on her lids, when she looks down
Upon her sleeping child. Her heart was won,
The wedding-day was fix'd, the ring was bought!
'Tis the same story—Cohn was untrue!—
He ruin'd, and then left her to her fate.
Pity her—she has not a friend on earth.
And that still tear speaks to all human hearts
But his, whose cruelty and treachery
Caused it to flow! So crime still follows crime—
Ask we the causes?—Water, air, and smoke,
Spread out their giant-arms o'er all the land!
The wheel is silent in the vale!—Old age,
And youth, are levi'd by one parish law!
Ask why that maid, all day, toils in the field,

Associate with the rude and rihald clown,
Ev'n in the shrinking pudency of youth!
To earn her loaf, and eat it by herself.
Parental love is ambition to her!—
O'er a little smoke the aged sire
Holds his pale hands—and the deserted hearth
Is cheerless as his heart!—But Piety
Points to the Bible! Shut the book again:
The rarer is the roving gospel now,
And each his own apostle! Shut the book—
A locust-swarm of tracts darkens its light,
And choke its utterance; while a Babel-tout
Of mock-religionists—turn where we will—
Have drown'd 'the small still voice,' till Piety,
Sick of the din, retires to pray alone."

To conclude, we quote the Arctic Dove—a quotation full of poetry, and, if we had not shewn it by preceding extracts, sufficient to demonstrate Mr. Bowles's great powers in versification. About his theological opinions we take no concern; but, making every allowance for the personal memories mixed up in this volume, we must say that it is highly honourable to the feelings and talents of its writer.

"Ride on!—the ark, majestic and alone
On the wide waste of the circling deep;
Its hull scarce peering through the night of clouds,
Is seen. But lo! the mighty deep has shrunk!
The ark, from its terrific voyage, rests
On Ararat. The raven is sent forth,—
Send out the dove, and as her wings far off
Shine in the light, that streaks the se'ring clouds,
Bid her speed on, and greet her with a song:—

Go, beautiful and gentle dove,
But whither wilt thou go?
For though the clouds ride high above,
How sad and waste is all below!

The wife of Shem, a moment to her breast
Held the poor bird, and kiss'd it. Many a night
When she was listening to the hollow wind,
She press'd it to her bosom, with a tear;
Or when it murmur'd in her hand, forgot
The long, loud tumult of the storm without—
She kiss'd it, and, at her father's word,
Bids it go forth.

The dove flies on! In lonely flight
She flies from dawn till dark;
And now, amid the gloom of night,
Comes weary to the ark.
Oh! let me in, she seems to say,
For long and lone hath been my way:
Oh! once more, gentle mistress, let me rest,
And dry my dripping plumage on thy breast.

So the bird flew to her who cherish'd it.
She sent it forth again out of the ark:—
Again it came at evening-fall, and lo,
An olive-leaf pluck'd off, and in its bill.
And Shem's wife took the green leaf from its bill,
And kiss'd its wings again, and smilingly
Droop'd on its neck one silent tear for joy.
She sent it forth once more; and watch'd its flight,
Till it was lost amid the clouds of heaven:
Then gazing on the clouds where it was lost,
Its mournful mistress sung this last farewell!—

Go, beautiful and gentle dove,
And greet the morning ray;
For lo! the sun shines bright above,
And night and storm are pass'd away.
No longer drooping, here confined,
In this cold prison dwell;
Go, free to sunshine and to wind,
Sweet bird, go forth, and fare thee well.

Oh! beautiful and gentle dove,
Thy welcome sad will be,
When thou shalt hear no voice of love
In murmurs from the leafy tree:
Yet freedom, freedom shall thou find,
From this cold prison's cell;
Go, then, to sunshine and the wind,
Sweet bird, go forth, and fare thee well."

Hungarian Tales. By the Author of the "Lettre de Cachet." 3 vols. 12mo. London, 1829. Saunders and Otey.

Our favourable augury respecting these Hungarian Tales has been realised. The author is fortunate in a picturesque and original groundwork; and the only want we discover in her treatment of it is a want of condensation, or perhaps we should rather say, of that dramatic interest which is the result of close opposition: for example, in the first, best tale, Cassian, we lose sight of one prominent personage after another; and they do not re-occupy the scene again till they are forgotten, and only forced in to terminate the winding-up, and be accounted for at the finale. That

finale, by the by, appears rather absurd for our literature, where we do not remember having met with so conclusive an incident as that of knocking out the brains of an adversary. Yet is the story an extremely interesting one; and Iolína, the heroine, an exquisite piece of female portraiture. Of the Balsam-seller of Thurotzer we have the same slight complaint to make, that it is a little spun out; but still it contains some picturesque and redeeming passages: while the Hungarian Gipsy is a very prettily told tale. Of these productions, generally, it may not be amiss to quote what is set down in the preface.

"The Hungarian nation, ancient and picturesque, and peculiarly characterised as it is, appears to be at present little known, and perhaps still less cared for, in England. Our indifference is singularly ungrateful; for there is scarcely a European country in which the Anglomania rages more fiercely than in that slighted land. The Hungarians are fond of attempting to prove a national resemblance between themselves and the English; although, as a wreck of absenteeism, Ireland might surely afford them a closer parallel:—but all who are acquainted with the *morgue* and presumption of the Magyar character, can appreciate the compliment intended by the expression of such an opinion. The English language has been of late years extensively cultivated among the higher classes; and the names of our popular writers and artists have become 'familiar in their mouths as household words.' The portraits of Scott and Byron, and engravings after the works of Wilkie and Harlowe, are amongst their most common domestic ornaments. I should, however, be understood to allude simply to the inhabitants of their chief cities—of Presburg, Pesth, Ofen, or Caschau; for the provinces still remain in the lowest state of mental and moral degradation. At the University of Pesth there is a professorial chair for the English language, with a liberal endowment. It is at present filled by an intelligent Frenchman—a soldier of Napoleon's army—who has compiled in Latin, for the use of the students, an English Grammar, Dictionary, and other class-books, which have been honoured with the commendation of the critics of Göttingen. The works first placed in the hands of the scholars of Pesth, are the Vicar of Wakefield, and Shakspeare's comedies! But the writings of Scott, Byron, and Moore, with some of our best periodicals, are in extensive circulation; and I had the gratification of finding, in January last, the *Keepsake* and *Forget-me-not*, of the new year, on the counter of a bookseller at Pesth; where, as the last fashionable novel, I was presented with Lord Normanby's *Matilda*. Nor are our manufactures less appreciated. I noticed that *boliná*, or English hobbin-net, was lavishly distributed upon the dresses of the recent carnival; and that the price of five hundred florins, *münz*, or fifty guineas, was affixed to a set of Staffordshire crockery in a warehouse in Buda; while the most beautiful Vienna porcelain was valued at a third of the sum. The sign of 'the English Lord' adorns several distinguished tailors' shops in the capital, typified by the effigy of 'a fine, gay, bold-faced villain,' in top-boots, a hunting-frock, and a brown beaver; or in an imitation of Werther's costume."

Our extracts shall essay to shew as much as may be of Hungarian peculiarities and characteristics: thus the palace of the Countess Lingotski:

"If the Lingotskische Schloss on the Plater See had surprised her by its air of grandeur, the rude desolate splendours of Szent Miklós oppressed her with a sense of loneliness painful to her feelings. The palace, although of stupendous dimensions, and befitting the princely estate of which it formed the central point, did not strike her by any unusual shew of dignity when viewed from the glorious avenue by which it was approached for many leagues. But as the distance gave way, the whole edifice with its turrets and bartizans and overhanging galleries burst upon her sight, with the Lingotski body-guard of hussars drawn up in splendid array upon the glacis, and a countless multitude of vassals lining the road, and apparently marshalled by military discipline to salute the arrival of their lord. They crossed the drawbridge; and the broided banners of his regiment were lowered as the carriage entered the court-yard, and drew up under the stone arcades of the hall of entrance, the groined roof of which rested upon massive columns of red granite. The household, headed by the *hofrichter* of the estate, accompanied by the chief engineer of the mines, and by two resident professors of medicine and natural history, was assembled to greet with humble deference the first appearance of the count: and Lingotski led the timid steps of his bride through long files of vassals and dependants into the great saloon, which, despite the mirrors, and statues, and tapestries with which it was adorned, looked like the awful and uninhabitable vestibule of an enchanted castle. Iolína half shuddered as she turned into the deep embrasure of a window, to gaze upon the boundless prospect that lay beneath. She perceived that avenues, similar to that by which they had reached the palace, served as approaches to the three opposite entrances of its quadrangle; and the mighty cross of foliage formed by their junction afforded the only shew of verdure visible for many miles. A rich bank of forest seemed, however, to rise in the distant horizon, towards a chain of hills forming a principal pass into Transylvania, and known as the 'Brazen Door'; and a slope, covered with vineyards, appeared to terminate the chain still nearer to Szent Miklós: but neither copse nor bushy dingle, nor isolated groups of massive elm or oak, varied the monotonous but fertile plains, on a knoll of which the palace was situated, and which lay around it in vast and almost uninhabitable dreariness. There were pastures, it is true, alive with cattle, 'forty feeding like one';—there were enclosures of mighty extent, from whose stubby surface the shocks of corn had been but recently removed; and some still wider, to which the decaying stalks of the *tengeri buza** or maize, imparted a most dreary aspect. But excepting unto those who drew their revenues from the mighty fertility of the land,—those who saw the sun rise upon its vastness, and knew themselves 'lords of the fowl and the brute' sheltering in its deep ravines, or darkening its spreading lakes, the uninformed expanse conveyed no pleasurable sensations. It wanted the vivifying impulse of a free and prospering population—it wanted a shew of happy human growth, to strengthen its appeal to the heart; for, although the labourers who were seen scattered on the plains, some busy in tillage—some in guarding the flocks—some spear in hand, driving herds of woolly Turkish swine towards the forest, or bringing homewards from its dark recesses droves of milch-buffaloes; although

* Literally, *sea-wheat*.

they bore no manacles on their limbs, nor were overlooked by a scourge-bearing overseer,—yet the impress of bondage and degradation was as plainly marked upon their swart foreheads, as if the scene of their labours had been encircled by Caribbean seas; and thus the landscape borrowed no enlightenment from its living features. Saving the eagles which were winging their lofty way towards the distant mountains, or a solitary bustard following their flight at a timid interval, there was not a single free or happy thing visible between the parched earth and the clear blue sky."

As a contrast, we take a Hungarian dinner in low life.

"The tureen smoked auspiciously;—and a dish of the limbs of fowls delicately crumbed and fried, promised well, when flavoured with lemon-juice and the bright-red native *paprika*,—an excellent substitute for the coarse pepper used in the empire. The bread was fresh and light,—an important point to those who have been condemned to feed upon the heavy yellow loaves full of aniseed, and glazed with glue, which prevail in the Austrian states; and, above all, a well-cobwebbed bottle of Matthias's *supernaculum* stood beside the pile of plates. The stranger had scarcely seated himself before his repast, when a band of *sigener* who were passing through the village, having noticed the lights still burning in the *saal*, entered without further invitation, and established themselves in the back-ground, for the performance of one of their singular concerts. A dulcimer, two violins, a monochord, and a bass, were the instruments employed,—all of their own manufacture: and, without the least knowledge of counterpoint, or of music as a science, they contrived to maintain a very decent degree of harmony; each in turn improvising a variation upon the motive sustained by the others,—a very beautiful and characteristic national melody. On the conclusion of their concerted piece, old Matthias, who was vain of his daughter's talents and sweet voice, desired one of the violinists to repeat alone the accompaniment of the same air, which he called upon Suzi to sing in her best manner, for the entertainment of his guest. The young girl, unused to disobeey, came forward without delay or affectation; and, save that she held the corner of her plaited apron for support and countenance, without any remarkable shew of timidity. Her voice was sweet and touching; and after breathing a prelude, whose tripled notes closely resembled the call of a quail, she proceeded to sing the following hymn:

"What lowly voice repeats with plaintive wail,
Anna Deum,—anna Deum!
 So sings amid the corn the lowly quail,
Anna Deum,—anna Deum!
 There crouching in her loneliness,
 Her feeble accents humbly bless
 The Giver of the fields around.—
 Oh! let me breathe the same soft sound,
Anna Deum,—anna Deum!
 List! as the evening sun sinks low and dim,
Anna Deum,—anna Deum!
 The patient quail renews her vesper hymn,
Anna Deum,—anna Deum!
 Watching beside the turfen nest
 Wherein her callow fledglings rest
 There, as I bend my wandering feet,
 Let me her holy strain repeat—
Anna Deum,—anna Deum!

Suzi, who, in the interest of her song, had lost the coy shyness arising from singing it to a stranger, had dropt the protecting corner of her apron, while she sweetly repeated the triple notes, which were modulated so as to imitate the quail-call with remarkable exactness."

The above song is sung by a young Hungarian, thus described:

"Suzi, the heiress of the blue-hedgehog, was one of the fairest, gentlest, and most popular damsels in the county of Gran. The trimness of her well-turned figure derived a coquettish airiness from the dark Hungarian jacket, jingling with silver buttons, which was closely fitted to her slender waist; and her glossy hair was braided with a nicety and elegance which accounted for the absence of the knotted kerchief that ought to have completed her costume."

Of the *Infanta of Presburg* we cannot speak as being above the ordinary level of such narrations: but looking at these three volumes *en masse*, we can very safely recommend them as well worthy of the attention of our readers. They possess much of novelty, and belong to an order which is likely to be continued and improved, either by their author or by other literary talent. As a beginning, the present work does great credit to a female pen, and is well calculated to entertain a numerous body of readers in these holiday times.

SIGHTS OF BOOKS.

The Young Gentleman's Library of Useful and Entertaining Knowledge; intended as a Holy-day or Birth-day Present. By W. Pinnock. 18mo. pp. 354. London, 1829. Longman and Co.

If a great variety of interesting topics, collected from contemporary literature, and put together in a new and attractive form, will make a good work, a work that deserves the name of *The Young Gentleman's Library*, and is calculated to amuse and improve the rising generation, such a production is the volume before us. Mr. Pinnock enjoys well-merited celebrity as an instructor of youth; and this new design, we think, bids fair to be as popular as his widely-circulated Catechisms. Yet, pleased as we are with this commencement, we shall look for even better volumes as the author proceeds.—volumes, we mean, perhaps less heterogeneous, and, at all events, arranged and classed with more distinctness. Too much diversity may distract youthful minds; and there ought always to be a connecting thread in books intended for their use, which, independently of other circumstances, serves as a sort of *memoria technica*, and helps the recollection. But these remarks are rather applicable to the general subject than to this particular work, which is one of sterling value, and adorned with a number of clever woodcuts by Sears.

Autographs of Royal, Noble, Learned, and Remarkable Personages, conspicuous in English History, from the Reign of Richard the Second to that of Charles the Second. Engraved under the direction of Charles John Smith. Accompanied by concise Biographical Memoirs, and interesting Extracts from the original Documents. Part VII. By John Gough Nichols. London, 1828: J. B. Nichols and Son.

We recently noticed two Parts of this publication. The present is equally curious and entertaining. The various autographs (forty-four in number) are engraved with singular distinctness and precision, and we have no doubt are perfect fac-similes of the originals. In the biographical illustrations much information is condensed into a small compass.

RELIGIOUS PUBLICATIONS.

We desire to relieve our minds, and to clear our table, of a considerable number of religious works, which have recently reached us from

various quarters; and as we are neither controversialists nor polemics, we trust it will be deemed sufficient if, in all such cases, we give concise characters of the publications on the grounds of their own choosing, without entering into objections which different principles and beliefs must suggest.

The Last Supper, &c. By the Author of the "Morning and Evening Sacrifice," and the "Farewell to Time." 12mo. pp. 453. Edinburgh, Oliver and Boyd; London, Whittaker.

THE writer of this volume is a very popular author, and held in great esteem by a large class of religious readers. His *Farewell to Time* has rapidly run through several editions; and the present work, on the most powerfully interesting of the Christian sacraments, being in the same elevated tone, will, we have no doubt, be equally successful.

Sir Matthew Hale on the Knowledge of Christ Crucified, and other Divine Contemplations: with an Introductory Essay, by the Rev. D. Young, Perth. 12mo. pp. 464. Glasgow, 1828, W. Collins; Edinburgh, W. Whyte and Co., and W. Oliphant; London, Whittaker, and Hamilton, Adams, and Co.

A REPRINT of Chief Justice Hale, with a portrait of the author, for which also we are indebted to the piety of the North. The Essay is an able paper, justly praising the efforts now making to advance the general diffusion of knowledge; and at the same time furnishing a volume like this as a fit spring for slaking that thirst which is thus created. It is, indeed, wise, great, and glorious, to inspire every class with the wish to learn; but it is wiser, greater, and more glorious, to meet and supply that wish with what is truly calculated to promote the happiness of the neophytes, and the good of mankind.

A Catechism of the Christian Religion. By a Graduate of Oxford, &c. 12mo. pp. 122. Oxford, Vincent.

A TRANSLATION of the *Catechismus Heidelbergensis* (of 1563), with accompanying Scripture proofs, as published by the University of Oxford. This little volume well deserves regard. Its doctrines were early recognised by the Belgian churches, and by the Synod of Dort in 1618; and it has been the subject of much controversy. We are surprised that it should have so long been consigned to comparative oblivion.

Hints to promote a profitable Attendance on an Evangelical Ministry. By the Rev. W. Davis. 18mo. pp. 123. London, Hatchard and Son.

By "profitable" in this title-page is not meant worldly profit, though we fear too many attend evangelical as well as other places of divine worship with that view. It is a serious recommendation to listen to, and meditate on, what is delivered from the pulpit.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

MUNICH.

[We are favoured with the following account of the improvements of Munich by a correspondent of distinguished abilities both in literature and the fine arts: his statement is a monument of everlasting honour to his royal master, the unwearied and liberal encourager of every useful and refining project.]

THE patronage which the Fine Arts enjoy from our king, who is not only a passionate amateur, but also a profound connoisseur, has made a rapid revolution, particularly in architecture and painting, and procured us very

fine collections of works of art of every kind. The city of Munich appears to have been in a few years totally transformed. Every where rise new buildings, whole streets, in general arranged in a grand style, and with a variety which vies with the fine Italian cities, such as Florence, Bologna, &c. The increasing population causes the erection of a great many private dwellings, the exterior of which, at least, is to be executed under the direction of Klenze. The finest street will be the Ludwigs-Strasse, in which the palaces of his highness the Prince Maximilian and of the ministry of war are to be erected. Three great architectural works of a public character, to be built by Klenze, are begun, and will be finished in a few years—the King's Palace, the new Picture Gallery, and the Glyptotheca, or museum of antique statues. The latter, being the first work commenced by our king (fourteen years ago, while prince royal), is the farthest advanced; the exterior, of the Ionic order, is not free from faults, but the interior, divided into a series of vaulted halls, is ornamented with great taste and magnificence. The pavements of stained marble, the sides of the walls of green or yellow stucco-lustro, and the fine and richly-gilt stuccos of the ceilings, form a gorgeous receptacle for the statues, which are better arranged than in any other collection in Europe, the rooms being built expressly for them. They are placed upon pedestals of red marble, and each hall receives light from a single lofty semi-circular window, except the four cupolas, which have sky-lights. The part of this museum which is now arranged in four halls, contains many of the master-pieces of ancient art which were formerly in renowned collections, and some that are new discoveries; for instance, the colossal Muse and the Faun of the Barberini Palace; the colossal bust of Minerva, and the *Am-Encothoe* of the Alabaster Palace; the Medusa Rondanini and two Sons of Niobe—one of which, kneeling (and not amongst the Florentine group), is undoubtedly one of the most highly finished works of Grecian art extant. As new discoveries, there are the highly interesting *Ægina* marbles, found at *Ægina* by Baron Haller, Messrs. Cockerell, Linkh, and Forster, and which are to the history of the earliest Grecian art what your *Elgin* marbles are in respect to its flourishing period. Works of Egyptian and Etruscan art, and Roman sculptures, will be placed in other halls, which are to be finished in 1830. Many works of ancient art, in his majesty's possession, are not yet known to the public; for instance, the collection of Madame Murat, bought some years ago; many marbles, bronzes, and vases, the produce of excavations in Greece made by Baron Haller; a large mosaic painting found in Italy, &c. &c. Three other halls, one of which is already finished, derive their principal ornament from the fresco paintings of Cornelius, director of our Academy of Arts, and undoubtedly the most poetical painter now living. The first contains the Deities of Grecian mythology, viz. Olympus, the empire of Neptune, and Tartarus, in three large paintings; and on the ceiling the Seasons and Hours, in many mythological groups and arabesques. The pictures of the other room, which are nearly finished, contain the principal scenes of the war of Troy, in more colossal figures than those in the first. In the third hall will be painted the most ancient Grecian mythology after Hesiod. By these pictures our king has resuscitated historical, and particularly fresco painting, which for a long time had been lost in Germany; and

Cornelius, who has acquired high reputation from their composition, formed, in executing these works, a numerous school of young painters, who are now occupied in other extensive performances.

The second great building, the Picture Gallery, contains a series of eight large vaulted halls, lighted by sky-lights, for the large pictures of every school: besides these, there are many rooms of less dimensions for the smaller paintings, lighted by windows; and on the southern side, for the entrance to the hall, is a long *loggia*, in the style of Bramante. This building seems to be the *capo d'opera* of the architect, as well in the interior distribution as in the composition of the exterior. It is intended to contain from thirteen to fifteen hundred oil paintings, composed of a selection of the best works in the galleries of Munich and Schleisheim; the old German paintings of the celebrated Boisseree collection, bought by his majesty a few years ago; and many Italian paintings, collected likewise by our king for completing the Italian school. Here will be placed a famous Madonna by Raphael, known at Florence as the Madonna del Palazzo Tempi, which has just arrived. In the rooms of the ground floor will be arranged the numerous and exquisite collections of prints and drawings, which are now separate, and a collection of ancient vases and mosaics, as specimens of ancient painting. This building will likewise afford another opportunity for fresco-painting. The *loggia* is to be decorated with fresco paintings in the arabesque style, containing the lives of the painters, after the designs of Cornelius, executed by Professor Zimmerman and the pupils of Cornelius.

The third great building I mentioned is the royal palace, erected at the side, and as a new part, of the old residence. This magnificent work is in the Florentine style, and will have much the appearance of the Pitti palace, though not so gloomy. In the lofty rooms of the ground floor, his majesty has ordered to be painted the principal scenes of our old German poem, the Nibelungen Lied; and Julius Schnorr, professor of historical painting in our academy, has already made a great many of the designs, which are to be executed by him and his pupils. On the other side of the old palace, a chapel for the king is to be erected, and decorated with fresco paintings (the subjects taken from the Holy Scriptures) by Professor Henry Hess, son of the engraver Charles Hess, who enjoyed much renown in England, and who died some months ago. As I have spoken so much of fresco-painting, I cannot omit to mention the arcades between the residence and the Bazar, or merchant-house, which form a long covered walk by the side of the garden of the residence. Sixteen of them have been decorated (almost all in a few years) with large fresco paintings, representing the principal events in the history of our king's ancestors, or the house of Wittelsbach. These paintings, which will be finished next year, are executing under the direction of Cornelius, by his pupils, and shew the great progress of these young men (none of whom has been in Italy), and the improvement of historical painting in general; for, twenty or thirty years ago, not a single historical picture, of so large a size, such good composition, and such spirited execution, was to be found in all Germany. Besides the architectural works already mentioned, a large Odéon, or building for the celebration of public festivals, has been erected, but it is not executed to the entire satisfaction of connoisseurs. The order of his majesty to erect a church for the Pro-

testants, who had been hitherto confined to a small chapel, originally intended only for the service of the queen, has met with much greater approbation. The new building is executed by Pertsch, who was the architect of the prison, erected a few years ago—a large edifice, of good proportions, and of appropriate character. Another and very necessary building, finished this year, is the new stone bridge over the Isar, built by Probst, at the expense of the city.

The late king, Maximilian I., was a great amateur of cabinet paintings and landscapes, and formed a very fine collection, which has been sold since his death. There was a very fine picture by your Wilkie, "Reading of the Will," now in the possession of his present majesty, and placed in the public gallery; and a large historical picture by Henry Hess, "the Parnassus," one of the finest oil paintings by any master of the modern schools. Under the protection of the late king, a number of good painters formed themselves at Munich. Amongst these are Peter Hess and Colonel Heidegger, now in Greece, for battle-pieces; Quaglio, for architectural subjects; Rottman, Dörner, Wagenbauer, for landscapes. The portrait painter of the royal family is Stieler, distinguished by the striking likenesses of all his portraits. Besides these artists, there are many younger painters; and that they are on the increase, you may see from the fact, that we have about two hundred and fifty students in our Academy of Arts, most of whom are in the departments of drawing and painting. All the smaller oil-paintings are exhibited in the building of the Society of Arts (Kunstverein), which is a private institution of artists and amateurs, where new works of art can be exhibited and sold to amateurs and to the Society itself, which distributes its acquisitions every year, by lot, among its members.

Though we have some distinguished names in sculpture, there is none so highly renowned for public monuments as Rauch, at Berlin,—by whom his majesty wished the monument for the late king to be executed. It is to be erected, at the cost of the city, in the Maximilian-Joseph-platz, before the new royal palace, and the magnificent theatre, and cast in bronze after the models of Rauch, by Stieglmayer, at Munich. The latter artist is to cast in bronze a magnificent obelisk which will be placed in the Ludwigs-Strasse, as a monument for the Bavarians killed in the Russian war. A monument to Albert Dürer, which his majesty caused to be erected by the city of Nuremberg, and on account of which a great festival was held on the 6th of April last, the day of Dürer's death, (1528), is likewise to be executed by Rauch, and cast in bronze at Nuremberg. A monument to the late Duke of Leuchtenberg, to be placed in the church of St. Michael, at Munich, is to be executed by Thorwaldsen, at Rome. Only the statues for the exterior of the Glyptotheca are to be executed here by young artists, after the models of the late Haller.

This is a short account of our principal performances in the fine arts, which are, as you see, rapidly advancing. There is, also, a great deal of literary and scientific exertion here; but the public, in general, has more taste and inclination for art than for science; and therefore our University, though it boasts many celebrated professors, and about 1500 students, finds more difficulties than the pursuit of the fine arts. But time and liberal disbursements will undoubtedly realise the great expectations which fix the eyes of Europe upon us.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

POISONED WOUNDS, ANIMAL VIRUS, &c.

SOME very important experiments have recently been made in Paris, with the chlorurets of lime and soda, in cases of poisoned wounds and the inoculation of animal virus. The disinfecting qualities of the chlorurets were already well known; and it was supposed from analogy that they might be used with effect in neutralising the component parts of animal poisons. The disinfectant property of the chlorurets depending upon their affinity for hydrogen, and hydrogen being one of the elements of virus and venom, the others being oxygen, carbon, and, in animal matters, azote, it was imagined that by abstracting, even partially, one of the elements of the poison, the character would be so changed, as to enable nature, without further aid, to get rid of the infection. Dr. Coster, a Paris physician, proceeding upon this reasoning, has recently performed some extraordinary cures in cases of syphilitic and other ulcers, with a solution of the chloruret of soda; and upon animals of different kinds, which had been inoculated with the virus of diseases common to their species, his experiments were equally successful. In several cases of bites from vipers, he found chlorurated lotions and injections perfectly efficacious; and he relates a successful experiment made upon a dog which had been bitten by another suffering under positively defined hydrophobia. Two dogs were bitten in various parts by the rabid animal; one of them was tied up, and remained without any means being adopted to prevent the absorption of the virus beyond the application of ligatures above the surfaces of the wounds, and the injection of pure water in the places bitten. The other had also ligatures applied, and the wounds were washed with a strong solution of the chloruret of soda. Thirty-seven days after the animals had been bitten, that to which the chloruret had not been applied became furiously mad, and died in great agony. The other, whose wounds had cicatrised rapidly, was in perfect health, and has remained so from that time. Dr. Coster states, that this was the only experiment which he has been able to make on the virus of rabid animals; but the success which attended it was sufficient to hold out a hope that the use of the chlorurets may be found equally valuable in other cases.

POPULATION.

SOME curious facts have been communicated to the Académie des Sciences, by M. Girou de Buzareingues, with respect to the inequalities which occur in different departments of France in the proportion of male and female births. M. Girou has made numerous experiments on sheep, horses, and birds; the result of which has shewn him, that when the male is too young, and the female in full vigour, the proportion of female births exceeds that of males, and vice versa. M. Girou asserts, that by attending to this fact, we may, at pleasure, cause the greater production of males or of females, in our flocks, studs, and poultry-yards. In pursuing his inquiries on the same subject with reference to human beings, M. Girou divided individuals into different classes;—the first, those whose employments tended to develop their bodily powers; the second, those whose employments tended to enervate their bodily powers; and the third, those whose employments were of a mixed character: and he found that, in the first class the number of male births exceeded the average proportion of male to female births throughout France; that

in the second class the number of female births exceeded the average proportion of female to male births throughout France; and that in the third class the proportion of male to female births was nearly the same as the average proportion throughout France. His conclusion is, that the pursuits of agriculture tend to the increase of a male, and the pursuits of commerce and manufactures to the increase of a female population.

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

OXFORD, Dec. 13.—Thursday last the following degrees were conferred:

Bachelor and Doctor in Divinity, by accumulation.—Rev. C. Mader, Brasenose College.

Masters of Arts.—Rev. J. Buckingham, St. Mary Hall, Rev. T. Hornby, Brasenose College, Grand Compounders; Rev. J. Barton, St. Mary Hall; E. L. Baderley, Brasenose College; Rev. C. V. Shuckburgh, Trinity College.

Bachelors of Arts.—H. Griffin, Queen's College; G. Cox, Magdalen Hall; J. Meredith, P. de Malpas, Eglerton, Christ Church; W. J. Crichton, Postmaster, Merton College.

CAMBRIDGE, Dec. 12.—*Prize Subjects.*

The vice-chancellor has issued the following notice:

1. His royal highness the chancellor being pleased to give annually a third gold medal for the encouragement of English poetry to such resident undergraduate as shall compose the best ode or the best poem in heroic verse, the vice-chancellor gives notice that the subject for the present year is *Timonius*.

N.B. These exercises are to be sent in to the vice-chancellor on or before March 31, 1829, and are not to exceed 200 lines in length.

11. The representatives in parliament for this university being pleased to give annually

(1) Two prizes of fifteen guineas each, for the encouragement of Latin prose composition, to be open to all Bachelors of Arts, without distinction of years, who are not of sufficient standing to take the degree of Master of Arts; and

(2) Two other prizes of fifteen guineas each, to be open to all undergraduates who shall have resided not less than seven terms at the time when the exercises are to be sent in. The subjects for the present year are:

(1.) For the bachelors—

An putandum sit posthac fore ut gentes meridionales sub æquinoctiali viribus iterum succumbant?

(2.) For the undergraduates—

Utrum apud Græcos poetæ ad familiaris armonia scriptores plus effecerint ad virtutem promouendam et mores emolliendos?

N.B. These exercises are to be sent in on or before April 30, 1829.

111. Sir W. Brown having bequeathed three gold medals, value five guineas each, to such resident undergraduate as shall compose

(1.) The best Greek ode in imitation of Sappho;

(2.) The best Latin ode in imitation of Horace;

(3.) The best Greek epigram after the model of the Anthologia; and

(4.) The best Latin epigram after the model of Martial.

The subjects for the present year are:

(1.) For the Greek ode,

νῆσται, Ἀργυρὸν ἔσται ἡ δὲ ναυτοκόμος;

(2.) For the Latin ode,

Cæsar, conatus est coherere ad Rubiconem flumen, qui promissa eius finis erat, p. sulum constitit.

(3.) For the Greek epigram,

ἄνθρωπος διδοῦναι;

(4.) For the Latin epigram,

Spanish monas.

N.B. These exercises are to be sent in on or before April 30, 1829. The Greek ode is not to exceed twenty-five, and the Latin ode thirty stanzas.

IV. The Porson prize is the interest of 400l. stock, to be annually employed in the purchase of one or more Greek books, to be given to such resident undergraduate as shall make the best translation of a proposed passage in Shakespeare, Ben Jonson, M. de Saligny, or Beaumont and Fletcher, into Greek verse. The subject for the present year is Henry VIII. Act 1. v. Scene 2—beginning, "This cardinal," &c. and ending g, "Peace be with him."

N.B. The metre to be *tragediam laticum trimetrum senariolum*. These exercises are to be accented, and accompanied by a literal Latin version, and are to be sent in on or before April 30, 1829.

The last meeting of the Philosophical Society for the present term was held on Monday evening, the Rev. Professor Farish, vice-president, being in the chair. A communication was read to the Society by the Rev. John Warren, of Jesus College, stating the coincidence of the views respecting the Lathebraic quantities commonly called impossible roots, or imaginary quantities, contained in his Treatise on the Geometrical Representation of the Square Roots of Negative Quantities, with those independently arrived at by M. Mourey, in his work entitled *La Théorie des Quantités Negatives et des Quantités prétendues Imaginaires*, published at Paris during the present year, and giving from these views a proof, extracted from the work of M. Mourey, that every equation

has as many roots as it has dimensions.—A communication was likewise read by Dr. Thackeray respecting a young woman in the neighbourhood of Cambridge, who was stated to have lived without food or the least reduction in the weight of the body since the beginning of October. The reading of Mr. Challis's paper was also concluded, "on the extension to the satellites of Bode's law of the distances of the primary planets." The existence of the law in this case having been proved, it was inferred that the distances may be approximately expressed in the following manner:

For the planets 4, 4+3, 4+3+2, &c.
For Jupiter's satellites 7, 7+4, 7+4+2, &c.
For Saturn's satellites 4, 4+1, 4+1+2, &c.
For Uranus's satellites 3, 3+1, 3+1+1, &c.

It was likewise concluded from this law, that there can be no planet nearer the sun than Mercury, and no satellite nearer the several primaries than the nearest of those in each system which have been discovered. The deviations from the law were also examined, and it was stated to be probably established that these depend on the masses and mutual actions of the revolving bodies. After the meeting, the Rev. L. Jenyns gave an account, illustrated by drawings, of the comparative anatomy of birds and mammals, and of several remarkable particulars respecting the former class of animals.

ANTIQUARIAN SOCIETY.

THURSDAY, Dec. 13.—Mr. Amyot in the chair. The conclusion of Mr. Byrne's paper (not Mr. Bird's, as the name was erroneously printed last week by us) on Gothic Architecture was read. Mr. Ellis communicated to the Society a copy of an ordinance made in the 31 Henry VIII., regulating the conduct of the officers and men in the lord high admiral's forts. The meeting of the Society was adjourned to January 8.

ROYAL SOCIETY OF LITERATURE.

At the meeting on Wednesday afternoon, an able and interesting paper was begun on a subject of ancient and classical mythology, of which we shall hereafter give an outline.

ROYAL ASIATIC SOCIETY.

The special general meeting of the 6th, of which we gave an account, is to be continued, by adjournment, on the 3d of January, to take into consideration the terms of a proposed union between the Royal Asiatic Society and the Literary Society of Bombay, for the purpose of considering the following additions to, and alterations in, the Society's regulations, viz.

Articles proposed to be introduced between the VIIth and VIIIth Articles of the Regulations.

1. The Literary Society of Bombay is from henceforward to be considered an integral part of the Royal Asiatic Society, under the appellation of the Bombay Branch of the Royal Asiatic Society.

2. The Bombay Branch shall be considered quite independent of the Royal Asiatic Society, as far as regards its local administration and the control of its funds.

3. The members of the Bombay Branch, while residing in Asia, shall be non-resident members of the Royal Asiatic Society; and when in Europe, shall be admitted resident members without ballot, on payment of the annual contribution.

4. The members of the Royal Asiatic Society, while residing in Europe, shall be non-resident members of the Bombay Branch; and when within the presidency of Bombay, shall be admitted resident members without ballot, on payment of the annual contribution.

Addition proposed to be made to the VIIth Article.

"excepting the members of the Branch Society at Bombay."

Addition proposed to be made to the IXth Article.

"but the members of the Branch Society at Bombay are to be admitted without recommendation or ballot."

Proposed Alteration of the LVIIIth Article.

"Every original communication presented to the Society becomes its property; but the author or contributor may re-publish it twelve months after its publication by the Society. The Council may publish any original communication in any way, and at any time judged proper; but, if printed in the Society's Transactions, twenty-five copies of it shall be presented to the author or contributor when the volume or part in which it is inserted is published. Such as the Council may not see fit to publish on behalf of the Society, may, with its permission, be returned to the author, upon the condition, that if it is printed, a printed copy of it shall be presented to the Society."

KING'S COLLEGE.

We are informed that a very numerous, we may say generally, signed petition, by the inhabitants of the Regent's Park, has been pre-

ented to the Lords of the Treasury, against the erection of the King's College on the site appointed for it in that quarter of the metropolis. Of course we can have no right to dispute the tastes of those so immediately interested in the question; but we must consider their judgment to be founded on at least imperfect information. They have already the animals of the Zoological Society in their neighbourhood; and are not perhaps aware, that whether the King's College is built in the ring or not, that ground will be built upon by some public establishment. Now a college may not be quite agreeable to many persons; but an hospital, or a lunatic asylum, would, we think, be worse—and to some such complexion they are likely to come at last.

FINE ARTS.

THE KING.

We have been allowed the great gratification of inspecting William Finden's engraving of the King, from the picture of his Majesty seated on a sofa, by Sir Thomas Lawrence,—a proof impression of which was laid before his Majesty, by the President, on Saturday last. It is a splendid performance; if not superior, certainly not inferior to the highest effort of line engraving on a portrait ever produced in this country. Further we shall abstain from remark till this noble print is published (in a few weeks), when we shall make it the subject of a more detailed examination; but in the meantime it may be well to inform our readers of the completion of a work of some four or five years' labour, and one which bears undoubted traces of the pains bestowed upon it. We rejoice to see the royal patron of our fine arts thus in some degree rewarded by their excellence on an imperishable memorial of himself, furnished by the united exertions of the easel and the burin.

ROYAL ACADEMY.

On the 10th instant, being the 60th anniversary of the foundation of the Royal Academy of Arts, a general assembly of the Academicians was held: when the following distribution of premiums took place; viz. to Mr. J. H. Millington, for the best copy made in the Painting School; Mr. H. L. Smith, for the next best copy made in the Painting School; Mr. H. F. Goble, for the best drawing from life; Mr. J. Loft, for the best model from the life; Mr. S. Burchell, for the best architectural drawing of the New Post-Office; Mr. R. A. Clark, for the best drawing from the antique; Mr. R. C. Lucas, for the best model from the antique—each silver medals.

The assembly afterwards proceeded to appoint the following officers for the ensuing year:

President re-elected.—Sir Thomas Lawrence.

New Council.—W. Etty, R. Smirke, sen., A. Cooper, and W. Collins, Esqrs.

Old Council.—J. M. W. Turner, J. Soane, C. Rossi, and W. Hilton, Esqrs.

Visitors in the Life Academy.—New List.—E. H. Baily, W. Etty, C. Rossi, M. A. Shee, and G. Jones, Esqrs.

Old List.—R. Cook, H. Howard, T. Stothard, and A. Cooper, Esqrs.

Visitors in the Painting School.—New List.—W. Etty, D. Wilkie, W. Hilton, and W. Mulready, Esqrs.

Old List.—R. Cook, J. Jackson, T. Phillips, and R. Smirke, Esqrs.

Auditors re-elected.—W. Mulready, J. M. W. Turner, and R. Westmacott, Esqrs.

BRITISH MUSEUM.

The very valuable collection of prints contained in the British Museum has recently been removed to a room expressly prepared for its reception, upon the upper floor of the new east wing of that Institution, where it is now in the progress of arrangement, and where, we

are informed, an extended accommodation will be given to the persons who frequent it for the purposes of study.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

The London Lithographic Album for 1829.
Engelmann and Co.

WE noticed particularly, with reference to the progress of lithography in this country, the *Album* (as it was absurdly called) published by Messrs. Engelmann, Graf, Coindet, and Co. for 1828. We have since occasionally spoken of the publications of this house, which are of too numerous and too miscellaneous a nature to enable us to give, or to require from a work like the *Literary Gazette*, particular notices. But as the present collection contains specimens by the principal English lithographic draftsmen, and illustrates the annual advance of a young and important art, it requires something more from us than a general commendation, and we therefore proceed to a short critical examination of the contents—fifteen plates.

No. 1. *A Calm*, drawn by P. Gauci after Wichelo, is beautifully executed. The smoke from the evening sun—the sun just going down—the contracted glitter upon the rippling water, and the small sails that catch the last rays, are magically expressed, without in the least interfering with the broad and tranquil effect which pervades the whole scene.

No. 2. *La Leçon*, drawn by Thomas Fairland after Stephanoff.—Stephanoff's compositions are generally founded upon sentiment—they are consequently refined. In *La Leçon* there is more of humble life than is usually represented by this artist. The execution is less minute than that of Mr. Fairland's most extraordinary drawing of last year—"the Drowsy Messenger;" but the want of minutiae is compensated for by freedom and variety of touch.

No. 3. *Interior of the Abbey of St. Ouen, Rouen*, drawn by F. Mackenzie.—As a specimen of lithography in the hands of a patient and clever draftsman, this plate has certainly never been surpassed. Every architectural detail is given with the most scrupulous accuracy—and even the embroidery upon the robes of the various figures proceeding in religious procession, though these figures are not more than half an inch in height. Yet the general effect has been as carefully studied and preserved; the eye, therefore, which is attracted by the first glance, becomes more and more charmed by closer examination.

No. 4. *Dover from the London Road*, drawn from Nature and on Stone by W. Westall, A.R.A.—This is, unquestionably, a clever print, but the distance is too woolly to please us; and the great labour which has been bestowed upon the foreground, particularly on the foliage, is painfully obvious.

No. 5. *The Bride*, drawn by C. Childs after Stephanoff.—A beautiful group of pretty faces. Never did bride blush more languishingly in her mirror—never did mamma more demurely clasp a daughter's bracelet—never did bridesmaid expatiate more officially upon the propriety of becoming looks—never was any article of dress so exquisitely managed as the bonnet of the aforesaid bridesmaid, to shed such a delicious twilight over her beautiful countenance—and never—never did any one look more arch, more merry, or more enchanting, than that girl over her companion's shoulder. To forget the artist in his subject is far more complimentary to him than any critical praise can be—and of Mr. Childs, as the copyist, we have

only to speak in the highest terms; his execution is clear, simple, and unobtrusive, but, where necessary, judiciously brilliant.

No. 6. *The Manor Shore, York*, drawn from Nature and on Stone by F. Nash.—Moonlight, with what Peter Pindar calls "a sixpenny moon," in the centre of the print. A little silvery edging to the clouds would, we fancy, be truer to nature, and advantageously relieve the sombre monotony of the scene. But as the eye of any person who suddenly enters a dark room from the light acquires gradually the power of distinguishing objects, so the eye, dwelling upon this print, will discover much which at first was not seen, and, therefore, could not be appreciated.

No. 7. *Preparing for a Masquerade*, drawn by G. Childs after Green.—Pleasing enough, and, in execution, creditable to the lithographic draftsman.

No. 8. *Miss Bartolozzi*, drawn by J. H. Lynch after T. Warrington.—We do not think the design of the original picture in good taste. Mr. Lynch's execution, although clever, wants clearness and decision.

No. 9. *An Egyptian Girl*, drawn by Richard J. Lane, A.R.A., after Edward Lane.—Beautiful—most beautiful—graceful, simple, and elegant—yet, in our opinion, it would have been still more so if the two arches which appear in the background had not been introduced, or if they had been kept more subdued. The mastery which Mr. Lane possesses over the lithographic art is complete: this print may stand without disparagement by the finest works of the graver.

No. 10. *Lavinia and her Mother*, painted and drawn by J. W. Giles.—Mercy on us! was ever any thing half so dreadful? There is some reason for the positive black and white of a chess-board, but here is black and white in the most unreasonable manner. It is impossible to look at this print with any degree of pleasure, from the ultra light and shade; although the execution of the details is faultless, and in some places would claim our particular praise, yet the overwhelming general effect makes us turn away with the exclamation, "Mercy on us! was ever any thing half so dreadful?"

No. 11. *Robin Hood's Bay, on the Coast of Yorkshire*, drawn from Nature and on Stone by F. Nicholson.—Here is the very opposite effect to Mr. Giles's black and white—gray and misty, with a glorious gleam of sunshine streaming through the broken clouds, and by far more carefully finished than the generality of Mr. Nicholson's lithographic drawings.

No. 12. *La Chasseresse*, drawn by A. Hoffay after J. Green.—A portrait, no doubt—affected in idea and in attitude, with both head and arm strangely twisted. Mr. Hoffay's drawing is better than such a conceit merits.

No. 13. *Mont Blanc*, drawn by William Gauci after Villeneuve, we almost think an improvement on Villeneuve's much-admired large lithographic plate, from which it is a copy. The granulation of William Gauci's drawings on stone is very peculiar, and always to be admired for its clearness and harmony.

No. 14. *A Cottage Girl*, drawn by W. P. Sherlock after S. Drummond.—Vulgar—probably so much the truer copy of nature. Mr. Sherlock, no doubt, has faithfully followed the picture before him; and, as far as he is concerned, it is a clever print.

No. 15. *Tourists in Ireland*, drawn by M. Gauci after W. H. Brooke, A.R.H.A.—We cannot say much for the elder Gauci's execution in this drawing: it is feeble and undecided, which ill accords with the nerves neces-

sary for such an excursion, and decidedly bad road to be encountered.

Having thus carefully and separately examined the contents of the *Lithographic Album*, we can safely recommend it, as containing, perhaps, three or four of the best lithographic drawings hitherto published, with others certainly of unequal merit, but still in every plate something may be found deserving of praise. On the whole, it is an interesting and beautiful work, which reflects the highest credit on Messrs. Engelmann and Co.'s establishment in this country.

The Gun Hill, Southwold. Engraved by P. Heath, from a drawing by H. Davy. Grif-fith.

A VERY pleasing and well-engraved view of this fine and delightfully situated battery, of six eighteen-pounders; originally constructed by order of the late Duke of Cumberland, who landed at Southwold in October 1745. Southwold is celebrated for two great naval battles fought in its bay, better known by the name of Solebay. The first was in 1666, between the English fleet of 114 men of war and frigates, and the Dutch fleet of 103 men of war, in which the latter were defeated, with the loss of seventy ships: the second was in 1672, between the combined fleets of England and France, and the Dutch fleet, the issue of which was rather uncertain.

PANORAMA OF SYDNEY.

YESTERDAY had a private view of an admirable panorama of Sydney, New South Wales, painted by Mr. R. Burford, in Leicester Square. It is, altogether, one of the most interesting exhibitions of the kind we have ever seen. The harbour of Port Jackson and the surrounding country are peculiarly suited for panoramic effect; and the natives in various pursuits, throwing spears, performing dances, &c. &c., give great spirit to the scene, and contribute much to its picturesque appearance. The colonists too, military, civil, and culprit, are well disposed in many a group; and all the novel features of this strange quarter of the world help to render the picture, as we have said, one of the most pleasing and curious that could have been produced.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

OPENING OF THE NIEBELUNGENLIED.

To us in ancient stories be marvels many told
Of glorious achievements of the mighty men
of old—

Both of feastings and fightings, both of blood
and of tears:

I too will tell my story, if you vouchsafe your
ears.

In Burgundy to womanhood a noble maiden
grew,

So fair, that in no country was nought more
fair to view;

Chrimbold was she called, a lovely maiden she,
And for her many noble knights were doom'd
their death to tree.

If many loved the maiden, no marvel that I
hold,

For she was gazed on daily by heroes good and
bold:

She was surpassing lovely—she was a noble
maid,

And good as she was lovely;—her truth no
tongue gainsaid.

There was a boy in Netherland, a boy of
kingly kind;

His father was King Siegesmond, his mother
Siegelind:

Within a noble city, far round the nations known,

In Santen by the Rhine, to manhood he was grown.

I tell you of this hero, how beautiful he was,
For blaming his beauty all over was no cause;
Full strong and full stately was the comely
bold young man;

Ha! what mighty honour unto this world he wan.

Siegfried he was called, this champion so good;
He wasted kingdoms many in the virtue of
his mood;

He in his strength and glory rode many a
realm around;

Ha! what a furious horseman for Burgundy
was found!

Ere yet this dauntless hero had a beard his
cheek upon,

With his own hand I tell ye such wonders he
had done,

That ever more about them we might both
sing and say;

But we must pass them over until another day.
In Siegfried's fairest season, in the spring-time
of his days,

Were many wonders spoken of him and of his
praise—

What honour he had conquered, and how
lovely was his frame;

And red was many a lady's cheek when men
but named his name.

He now was so y-waxen, that he to court did
ride,

Where him with admiration fair dames and
maidens eyed:

They wished, when they beheld him, to lead the
boy astray;

But he was modest-hearted—that was his shield
and stay.

'Twas on the seventh morning, to Worms upon
the sand, [hand;

He came with all his company, riding by his
With gold their armour gleamed, and proudly
sat each one,

And stately stept their horses the level sands
upon.

Their shields they were new; they were broad
and they were bright;

And beautiful their helmets, as besemeth
noble knight;

Thus Siegfried the bold to King Gunther's
castle came:

I wis a comelier riding was never than that same.

"Now, greatly do I marvel," said King Gun-
ther, out of hand,

"Why you, most noble Siegfried, hast ridden
to this land;

Or what you wish to come at in Worms here
on the Rhine."

Then to the host thus spake the guest:—"A
simple tale be mine:

"Men many times did tell me, within my fa-
ther's land,

That round the great King Gunther there
rode a peerless band:

No other knights could match them—such
men I'd fain be near—

No outland knight durst beard them—and
therefore am I here.

"For I too am a soldier, and born to wear a
crown,

Which from right noble fathers, a worthy line,
comes down;

But none shall say I owe it to nothing but my
But that of right of prowess, too, both crown
and land are mine."

C. D.

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

CHARACTER AND ANECDOTE.—NO. XIV.

A Genuine Gaelic Proclamation.—The crier sounds a flourish on that delightfully sonorous instrument, the bag-pipe; then *loquitur*, "Tak tent a' ye land-louping hallions, the meikle deil tamn ye, tat are within the bounds. If ony o' ye be foond fishing in ma Lort Preadalpine's gruns, he'll be first headit, and syne hangit, and syne droon't; an' if ta loon's bauld enouch to come back again, his horse and cart will be ta'en frae him;* and if ta tell's sae grit wi' him tat he shews his ill-faured face ta three times, far waur things will be dune till him. An noo tat ye a' ken ta wull o' ta lairt, I'll een gang hame and sup ma brose."

A Judicious Title.—On a vacancy in the Scotch bench, a certain advocate of some standing at the bar, but by no means remarkable for the brilliancy of his parts, or the extent of his legal knowledge, was in full expectation of being appointed to the vacant gown. This is done by a court letter, signed with the king's sign manual. In the full flutter of his darling hopes, he one day encountered an old brother lawyer notorious for the acidity of his temper, and the poignancy and acrimony of his remarks. "Weel, freend Robby," said the latter, "I hear ye're to get the vacant goon." "Yes, Mr. C—k, I have every reason to believe so." "Have ye gotten doon your letter yet frae London?" "No; but I expect an express every minute." "Nae doot, nae doot. Have you bethocted yourself o' what teetle ye're to tak? Lord H—n will never do: ye ken that's the teetle o' ane o' oor grandest dukes. Gude-sake, for a bit session lordy like you to gang by the style and teetle o' ane high and mighty prince! my certy, that wad be a bonny boorlesque on a' warldly honours and dignities. Weel a-weel, let that be a-pass over. Noo a teetle ye maun hae, that's as clear as the licht, and there's ane come just now into my head that will answer ye to a: when ye're a lord, freend Robby, ye'll be Lord Preserve Us!" "You are very impertinent, Mr. C—k," replied the nettled judge-expectant; I am sure you may find a waur (worse)." There never perhaps was, or will be, comprehended so much pithy meaning and bitter sarcasm in a single syllable, as that which formed the astounding response—"Whaur (where)?"

DRAMA.

DRURY LANE.

MISS PHILLIPS has made her appearance in *Juliet*, and has only confirmed us in the opinion we from the first entertained, and have repeatedly expressed, respecting her. It was a sensible, lady-like performance, true enough to nature in the level and playful portions of the character, but more distinctly betraying her want of power than any of her former efforts. Her Juliet is a lovely, sensitive girl, a creature of gentle smiles and quiet tears. Her love is a flower that the first cold day would kill—the first rude breeze bend to the earth without a struggle;—her "passion scarce deserves the name;" but the love of Shakespeare's Juliet

"Is like the lava flood
That boils in Etna's breast of flame."

Miss Phillips's deepest affliction affects us no more than would an April shower. The wild grief, and the wilder fears, of the doating, despairing Italian—the torrent, the whirlwind,

* It would seem that honest Donald thought the forfeit-ure of the horse and cart a much more grievous punishment than the heading, hanging, and drowning; a circumstance which affords no contemptible proof that Paddy and Donald are "vera brithers."

and the volcano, that should awe and shake us, we look and listen for in vain. Time, however, as we have before said, may do much; and in the mean while, we beg Miss Phillips to believe, that although we cannot conscientiously join in the strain of panegyric poured forth by some of our contemporaries, we think her, beyond all comparison, the best tragic actress now on the stage; and shall hail with sincere pleasure every step she makes (and we have strong hopes she will make many,) towards the great goal at which her ambition points.

The new historical drama of *Charles XII.* is drawing crowded houses, and is, we perceive, announced for every night of Mr. Liston's engagement. Those who are fond of "curious coincidences," may be entertained by learning that *Charles XII.* was undesignedly produced on the 110th anniversary of that monarch's death, who was killed before Frederickschall, between the hours of nine and ten in the evening of the 11th of December, 1718.

COVENT GARDEN.

MR. KEAN has at length made the plunge. He performed *Virginius* for the first time on Monday last to a crowded and excited auditory, who cheered him on his task with an enthusiasm as gratifying, no doubt, to the feelings of the actor, as it was complimentary to his former exertions. And burst upon us he certainly did, "like a giant refreshed." He was, perhaps, as perfect in the words of the part as we ever remember him to have been in any (a scrupulous adherence to the text having, unfortunately, never been one of his characteristics); and, as a whole, we have no hesitation in saying, he played it quite as well as he would have done in the meridian of his glory. But it needed not for us to witness Mr. Kean's performance of *Virginius* to be convinced that it must be inferior in many respects to the powerful, masterly, we may say perfect, portrait stamped upon our hearts by Mr. Macready. That gentleman's personation of *Virginius* is allowed on all hands to be his *chef-d'œuvre*. He has made the character his own; and we have no hope of seeing an approach to his excellence in it: but when Mr. Kean's *Virginius* is called a failure, we think the term a harsh, if not an unjust one. We contend that the admirers of Mr. Kean will find as many beauties, and his non-admirers as many defects, in his *Virginius*, as in his *Brutus* (*L. Junius*), his *Bertram*, or any other of his popular characters which are of modern creation. Mr. Kean has not failed in the part—but Mr. Kean cannot act that particular part so well as Mr. Macready. He has, however, afforded us this gratification—the proof that he is still able to study a new part, and execute it in a style worthy of his long-established, great, and well-deserved reputation. Charles Kemble's *Scilius*, Miss Foote's *Virginia*, and Terry's *Siccus Dentatus*, were as perfect in their way as Mr. Macready's *Virginius*:—of this splendid constellation but one star remains visible. Mr. C. Kemble's *Scilius* is as fine as ever; but Miss Jarman can neither act nor look *Virginia*. We longed to transplant Miss Phillips from Drury Lane. It is a part exactly suited to her years and powers: and why does not Mr. Fawcett play *Siccus Dentatus*? Judging from his *Cæsa*, he would be the very person. By the by, stage-manager, we never saw such ill-drilled soldiers, or so badly-organised a mob, at Covent Garden Theatre.

On Wednesday evening, a new drama, in

five acts, was produced here, entitled, *Woman's Love, or the Triumph of Patience*. Andrea, Duke of Saluzzo, having married a maid of low degree, doubts the sincerity of her love, and tries her affection and obedience, first by spiriting away their only child, then divorcing her for not bearing more children, sending her back in her peasant's garb to her father's house, pretending to marry a young princess of Bologna, and, lastly, obliging her to appear at the wedding and officiate as mistress of the ceremonies to her rival. The new Griselda, obeying most submissively all these delicate commands, and suffering every indignity that her fond husband can devise to inflict upon her and her family with unshaken patience and undiminished affection, Duke Andrea, at length, vouchsafes to be convinced that she loves him for himself, and not for his dignity; and, therefore, informs her that she is still Duchess of Saluzzo, and that the young lady he talked of marrying is no other than their own daughter, the little Rosamond, of whose murder he has been deemed guilty by his loving wife and loyal subjects for nearly seventeen years! Such is the outline of the most improbable plot of this very, very dull drama, the two first acts of which passed over in solemn silence—the pause before the storm which must have ensued but for a lucky apology made by Mr. Bartley for Mr. C. Kemble, who laboured under a distressing hoarseness. The remaining three acts improved a little in action, and the dialogue now and then approached the verge of poetry. But Dullness still sat upon it like an incubus; and the only feeling its strongest situations were calculated to awaken was of so unpleasant a description, that we cannot account for the unmixed applause which, we are bound to say, accompanied the falling of the curtain. The insults and injuries heaped upon the heads of Bianca and her family by the cruel and capricious duke, are of so vile a character as to render their submission ridiculous, if not criminal. Aurelio, the brother of the persecuted lady, it is true, bounces and hectors, something in "Ereles' vein;" but he is a mere talker, and is put down by one word from the foolish old tyrant, who has voluntarily lived seventeen years under suspicion of infanticide, for the purpose of ascertaining whether his wife loves him or not! Mr. Kemble, despite of his severe cold, did all that man could do to redeem such a character from supreme contempt: we could almost quarrel with him, indeed, for wasting such fine acting on so revolting a subject,—to say nothing of three most picturesque and classical dresses. Miss Jarman was the Bianca, and Mr. Warde the Aurelio, and, with Mr. Bartley and Mrs. Egerton, shared the rest of the dialogue between them; for our lively friend Green was thrust into a part of about a dozen silly lines; and the remainder of the *dramatis personæ*, to the number of eight or ten, had nothing to do but literally to walk through the piece, much in the way that we once saw Wilkinson in a farce of Peake's at the English Opera. Mr. Diddar and Mrs. Vining, Mr. Raymond and Miss Scott, Mr. Baker and Mr. Blanchard, with three or four attendants, set out from Bologna, hand in hand, and walk once or twice in each act across the stage, till, in the last, they arrive at Saluzzo—no doubt with excellent appetites for the banquet his grace has fortunately prepared for them. Such are the defects of this play; and yet we should not wonder if its author, whom we have heard (and if not, we should have guessed as much)

is a very young man, should one of these days write an excellent play. Let him burn this immediately, and go to work on a more pleasing and probable story; make his characters do more, and talk less; acquire a proper horror of all walking gentlemen and ladies;—and we will venture to say there is that in him which in these degenerate days may do the stage some service. Who would have supposed from reading the Hours of Idleness that Lord Byron would ever have written Don Juan?

ENGLISH OPERA HOUSE.

THE second performance of the pupils of the Royal Academy of Music, well headed and led by De Begnis, took place on Thursday, when Rossini's opera *L'Inganno Felice* was produced. Miss Childe and Mr. E. Segua particularly distinguished themselves, and obtained great applause. Mr. A. Sapio, Mr. Hodges, and Mr. Brizzi, were also very successful.

FRENCH PLAYS.

WE understand that the English Opera House is likely to open very early in January, having been again arranged for the performance of French plays. The company, we are glad to hear, is superior to that of last season; and, among other novelties, the popular Coulon is engaged.

VARIETIES.

Lithography.—Several important improvements in the art of lithography having been communicated to the French Academy by Messrs. Chevalier and Langlumé, the members of the Academy to whom the consideration of the subject was referred, have reported that those improvements appear to them to approximate the art as nearly to perfection as it is capable of arriving.

Glass.—The commission of the French Academy, to which the specimens of crown and flint glass presented to the Academy by Messrs. Thibaudau and Bontemps had been referred, has adjourned its report until it receives additional specimens, in which the flint glass is to possess greater density, and the crown glass to be of larger dimensions. M. Arago, in order to shew still more how unfounded is the general opinion of the ease with which crown glass can be fabricated, informed the Academy that he knew an optician in Paris who was stopped in the construction of an important instrument, by the impossibility of procuring for it pieces of crown glass of sufficient size.

The second general assembly of the Société de Géographie, under the presidency of the Baron Cuvier, took place on Thursday, and was numerously attended. The chief attraction, however, appeared to be the presence of the celebrated voyager, Auguste Caillé, to whom the society awarded a prize of 12,000 francs some time since, for having penetrated as far as Timbuctoo.—*Our Paris Letter.*

New Settlement.—The *Sunday Times*, which has had good intelligence respecting the New Settlement on the west side of Australia, says: "It is not, at present, proposed to send out persons from England as settlers. The course to be pursued, we believe, is this:—The survey concluded, should the report be favourable to the project, it will be left to the governor of New South Wales to decide what step shall be taken. It is anticipated that he will send colonists from Sydney, to lay the foundation of the new community."

Scientific Voyages.—Letters have been received from Captain Henry Foster, command-

ing His Majesty's brig *Chanticleer*, dated Monte Video, September 22, up to which time all the scientific objects of the voyage had proceeded very satisfactorily. The meridian distances had been determined between Falkmouth and Funchal, Tenerife, St. Antonio, St. Paul's Rock near the Equator, the island of Fernando Noronha, and between the latter and Cape Frio, Rio de Janeiro, St. Catharine's, and Monte Video, at which latter place a satisfactory set of pendulum experiments was completed. The *Chanticleer* was expected to sail about the beginning of October towards the south, in the further prosecution of the objects of the voyage.—*Hampshire Telegraph.*

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

Antiquities.—The second portion of the twenty-second volume of the *Archæologia* of the Society of Antiquaries is, we understand, in the progress of printing, under the care of Henry Ellis, Esq. the joint secretary, and may be expected by the members upon St. George's day next. Among the more curious articles which it contains, will be found a Fragment of a New Chronicle of the reign of King Edward III.—The drawings from the walls of the Painted Chamber, made for the Society by the late Charles Stothard, Esq. in 1820, are also, we understand, in the hands of the engraver.

Dr. Andrew Ure, M.D. F.R.S., &c. has in the press a large octavo volume, entitled a *New System of Geology*, in which the Great Revolutions of the Earth and Animated Nature are reconciled at once to Modern Science and Sacred History. The author has undertaken to solve on the known laws of physics and chemistry, without invoking comets or any astronomical fictions to his aid, the various enigmas relative to the temperature of the antediluvian globe, and to the gradation of the organic remains of its successive strata, which Cuvier, Humboldt, and other philosophers, have regarded as beyond the scope of science to explain.

Nearly ready for publication, *Commentaries on the History, Constitution, and Chartered Franchises of the City of London*, by George Newton, Esq. Advocate-General of Madras, late one of the Common Pleaders of the City of London: edited by Edward Tyrrell, Esq. Deputy Remembrancer of the City of London.

There is announced to be published, by subscription, and in Paris, *מִתְחַבֵּר וְתָרָה*, or the Road of Faith: being a complete Catechism of the Jewish Doctrines, Rites, and Belief, arranged as Dialogues, in the purest Hebrew, by the late Rev. Dr. R. Meldola, chief Rabbi in London, and accompanied by a correct English translation.

The Rev. J. D. Parry, M.A. of St. Peter's College, Cambridge, has in the press the *Legendary Cabinet: a Selection of British National Ballads, Ancient and Modern*, from the best Authors, with Notes and Illustrations.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We agree with Clericus in most of his remarks on pulpit eloquence; but his letter is too long for insertion; and he is certainly mistaken, when he attributes the theatrical manner of a popular preacher to his having taken lessons of Mr. Jones, of Drury Lane Theatre. We have had opportunities of witnessing his method of tuition with a near connexion of our own; and we can assure Clericus, that Mr. Jones inculcates a dignified, solemn, and devout style—and is most cautious to repress the least appearance of extravagance in tone or gesture.

To several inquiries addressed to us this week, we beg to say that we have not yet had time to investigate the matters sufficiently to answer them.

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